New Statesman

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Heirs of the Ailing Dollar

THE US Treasury mission which is now touring Europe carries ironic echoes of British expeditions to Washington, in the early post-war period, in search of dollars. The Americans are in trouble. Their once-bottomless hoard of gold in Fort Knox is down to $18,000 million, and dollar reserves held by Germany and Japan, if converted to gold, could slash it by nearly 50 per cent. After months of worrying about this astonishing new phenomenon, Washington has decided it must cut the outward flow of dollars – now running at over $4,300 million a year – to at least half that figure. It is now searching for ways to do it.

The most obvious methods – raising interest rates and cutting overseas aid – run directly counter to Mr Kennedy's central policies. Where, then, is the money to come from? Germany, certainly, will be made to fork out some, if not in support-costs, then probably by shouldering an increased share of the Nato burden. In addition, the US can cut down on its military spending abroad (particularly on dependents), it can boost its exports by federal support schemes, and it can cut down on luxuries – particularly the overseas spending of US tourists. For the US, the problem can be solved rapidly and without undue grief. Overseas dealings affect only a tiny fraction of the US national income; her economy is basically sound and can be run into top gear again with astonishing speed.

It is a different matter for Britain. Whatever moves America makes, we are sure to suffer. If after all Germany is finally cajoled or bullied into meeting support-costs, we too must in logic contribute to the $200 million which it costs the US to station forces here. If the US financial contribution to Nato goes down, ours must presumably increase. If US exports are expanded – in a lagging world market – ours must inevitably decline. If US tourists are obliged to spend less, we shall be the principal victim. If gold flows to New York, it must leave London. We have been the chief beneficiary of the ailing dollar; if it is restored to health, sterling must take to its bed. Whatever Kennedy gains on his swings, Selwyn Lloyd must lose on his roundabout.

Moreover, unlike the US economy, Britain's does not possess the resiliency to weather the crisis. Despite dollar difficulties, the US maintains a healthy balance in overseas trading. With us, the position is reversed. Our increased gold and dollar reserves are the artificial consequence of abnormally high interest rates. Most of the currency which has flowed in is 'hot' money – from the Belgian Congo and elsewhere – which has wisely been refused admission to Switzerland and to Germany. It could vanish overnight. Meanwhile, the mainspring of the Sterling Area – Britain's exports – grows steadily weaker. Last month's figures came as a shock even to the most pessimistic Treasury officials. With world markets hardening, and short-time spreading here, there is virtually no hope of an early reversal of the trend.

Indeed, within the frame of reference it has chosen, there is nothing the government can do to prepare for the crisis. If Selwyn Lloyd slashes the interest-rate, the hot money which has so far concealed the deterioration in our trading position will immediately flow abroad, exposing us to an exchange crisis. But if he maintains high Bank rate, economic stagnation will gradually slide into real decline, and exports will drop further. So long as the government limits its armoury to purely monetary instruments, it has, in effect, to choose between two types of disaster. At long last the country may be beginning to understand the structural faults of the I'm-all-right-Jack economy; and there is a growing volume of opinion in favour of selected controls, as the only possible alternative to the broken monetary system. If Labour wishes to prove its capacity to govern the country, it will not concentrate in the coming year on the abstractions of defence. It will define its concrete alternative to the government's now-faltering economic policy.

Comments on the Week's News

Africa

The UN in the Congo

A Special Correspondent writes. The focal point in the Congo remains the same: until the independent African states reach agreement and begin to act in concert, no political *modus vivendi* is possible. Unfortunately, there is still little evidence that the African states are aware of the brink they have approached. Ghana and Guinea continue to support Lumumba, while Tunisia and Nigeria consider that it is more realistic to allow Kasavubu and Mobutu to try and govern for the moment. So that every time the UN appears to be protecting one side from the other, as criticising the actions of either faction as Mr Dayal has done, its officers risk attack. The tragic assaults on UN personnel this week should now have opened the eyes of African leaders to the danger which faces the very existence of UN in Africa. At the same time, Mr Hammarskjöld's warning that his treasury is almost empty should equally have awakened the world powers to the danger that the whole UN operation will collapse if their shabby financial attitude continues. It is indeed the fate of the UN itself which is now at stake. The personal antagonism to Mr Hammarskjöld of the Russians seems to have left them disinterested in the future of the UN; and they are, of course, not giving any financial support to the Congo operation. The West now seems tempted to use the opportunity created by Russian aloofness to make the UN machine its own instrument. To follow that policy would inevitably finish the UN as an international arbiter. Do either Russia or America really want that?

The Shadow of Kenyatta

Our Commonwealth Correspondent writes: The policy statement of the Kenya African National Union, which is to form its election programme, has at last been published after long internal wrangles. The delay in its publication and the argument which caused the delay reveal that even before the elections the Kikuyu-Luo coalition is severely strained. In particular, the Odinga faction, influenced by its leader's experiences in Russia and China, has been trying to force through a policy which would not only have antagonised Europeans, but have driven off capital.

The statement is a compromise; it assures Europeans that a high standard of agriculture will be retained and fair compensation paid for expropriation, but promises African resettlement on the land. Its repudiation of the British base at Kahawa is an inevitable part of African insistence on neutralism in the Cold War, though both employment and revenue will be sacrificed if construction is stopped.

The most controversial point in the statement is the demand for the release of Jomo Kenyatta from restricted residence. No politician nor political party in Kenya can afford to reject the Kenyatta mystique. Both the main African parties insist that he should be released, and they have recently been supported by some Europeans. The position is a difficult one, for the Colonial Office promised those Africans who opposed Mau Mau that the irreconcilables would never be allowed to return and live amongst them. This was a protection against retaliation. It is obvious now, however, that a majority African government will make the release of Kenyatta a first priority.

It has been argued that it is best to leave his release until after the election, so that it will be African ministers who are responsible for the consequences which follow. But if his release is not made as an act of grace by the colonial government before the elections, it may well be held that it was the African loyalists who were responsible for keeping him in detention. Retaliation might then be even more severe.

Germany

Willy Brandt's Weak Spot

JOHN MANDER *writes:* The recent arrest of a prominent Social Democratic member of the Bundestag, Herr Frenzel, for treasonable connections with the Czech Secret Service has wider political implications. Not since the Otto John affair has West German opinion been confronted so brutally with the danger of Communist infiltration. Otto John was the first head of the West German Security Office; Herr Frenzel was a member of the Defence Committee of the Bundestag, with access to important Nato documents. His arrest followed immediately on the apprehension, at the inter-zonal frontier, of an agent bearing copies of such documents. A number of similar arrests have been made recently, among employees of the Ministry of Defence, by officers of Otto John's old organisation. It is assumed in Bonn, fatalistically, that there can be few details of the West German Nato build-up now unknown to the espionage agencies in Prague, Moscow and East Berlin.

Clearly, an incident of this kind might well have touched off a McCarthy-style hysteria. That it has not done so may be due to the CDU leaders' memory of an identical incident involving a member of their own party, Herr Schmidt-Wittmack, five years ago. But this does not mean that the CDU will refrain from throwing mud where it is likely to stick. Herr Kai-Uwe von Hassel, who is to lead the CDU campaign in the coming election, has already spoken slightingly of the *remigranten* – those refugees from Hitler who chose to return to Germany after the war. He distinguished, he said, between those refugees who returned 'early,' and those who returned 'late.'

The point of this at first sight rather curious formulation is all too evident. Those who returned 'early' shared in the miseries of post-war Germany; they did not eat caviare with the victors. Thus, according to Herr von Hassel, whom many tip as a future Chancellor, 'they declared their solidarity with the German *Volksgemeinschaft*'. Who, then, are these late-returners? Herr Frenzel was one, certainly; Herr Brandt is another. Herr Frenzel spent the war years in this country, and was associated with both the Czech and the Sudeten German refugee Socialist organisations. He returned to Czechoslovakia after the war; and is now said to have participated in the subsequent expulsions of his compatriots.

There is little doubt that Herr Frenzel's alleged connections with the Czech espionage organisation can be traced back to his London exile. And it is clear Herr Brandt's career could be presented in such a way as to yield, however absurdly, uncomfortable similarities. Herr Brandt, too, spent the war years in exile, became a Norwegian citizen, and only re-acquired German nationality three years after the war. By building up a Brandt personality cult, as it is doing at present, the SPD may be inviting comparisons of this sort – and what may be reckoned to Herr Brandt's honour abroad may well be political dynamite at home.

Take-over Front

End of a Garden Party?

A Correspondent writes: The first of the garden cities, Letchworth, was founded in 1903 as the utopia of the Edwardian reformers. Two property companies are now bidding for control of this profitable estate. The original shareholders put up their capital to develop a planned estate based on leasehold ownership, with dividends limited to five per cent: all surpluses were used for the benefit of the town, and it was understood that eventually the whole estate was to pass over to the local authority or some other public body. Similar conditions applied to those who bought shares at a later date. Letchworth, in short, was a private enterprise with a public purpose.

When, after other new towns had been started in Hertfordshire by the Labour government, Lord Silkin suggested that Letchworth should be taken over under the New Towns Act, the company disagreed. But the Ministry of Town and Country Planning accepted the alternative it proposed: a formal resolution in 1949 reaffirmed that the estate would ultimately be handed over to a public authority.

As Letchworth became more profitable, however, it became clear that the 'bargain' between the company and the town was not as firm as it had always seemed. In 1956 the limit of dividends was removed, despite oppo-

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sition from the local council, many residents and a substantial minority of the shareholders who believed that while the change might be good law it was bad ethics. In the last three years a property company has been acquiring a large number of shares, and it is now seeking to buy up enough Preference shares to enable it to reverse the 1949 decision. If this take-over bid is successful the final reversion of the estate to public ownership becomes virtually impossible.

Another real-estate company, Hotel York, has entered a counter-bid this week, with an improved offer for Preference shares and a price for Ordinaries that is attractive. It has stated that it would ensure the future of Letchworth, as a unified estate, respect the interests of minority shareholders and retain the present staff. This may seem more desirable to residents and shareholders than the operations of the group which has come so close to control but – as the directors reminded shareholders this week – ownership by the most enlightened property company is no guarantee that Letchworth will continue to develop as intended. If private owners are unwilling to make a trust agreement to protect the public interest – and any trust would inevitably restrict the chance of profit – there is a very strong case for government intervention to ensure a public take-over either by the urban district or by a public corporation under the New Towns Act.

Moscow

Looking under the bed

Our Moscow Correspondent writes: Not for several years have the Russians been warned so insistently to be on their guard against foreign spies and intelligence agents as they are being today. Under the banner of 'vigilance', they are being advised to regard all foreigners, however respectable their credentials, as potential subversive elements. A recent incident at Moscow University, involving Nigerian students, is being used to justify a cautious attitude even towards those who have hitherto found contacts with the local population relatively easy.

Typical of the campaign is an article in the widely-read magazine *Znamya*. Its author, who seems to have access to sources not usually open to journalists, and who starts with such premises as that the main activity of the US Information Agency is to spread slanderous rumours about the Communist countries, warns his readers that the intelligence services of the 'imperialist' powers are interested chiefly in the location of Soviet centres for the production and storing of rocket and nuclear weapons and of rocket-launching pads, in the work of scientific research institutions and designing staffs, and in transport. But ideological subversion is also considered important, and serious efforts are made to sap the confidence of unstable elements in the Socialist regime.

Among the examples this author produces to illustrate his argument are some which should give the organisers of the British industrial exhibition in Moscow next May food for thought, and which, indeed, everyone planning to visit this country should note. Last year's American exhibition, he writes, for instance, was used to introduce large quantities of anti-Soviet literature printed in Russian. (In fact the Soviet authorities were given an opportunity to remove 'objectionable literature' before the exhibition opened, as they were at the British Book Exhibition at a later date.) More subtle, he writes, were the organisers of a recent exhibition of precision tools at the Polytechnic Museum in Moscow, easily identified as one held under British auspices. When the supply of catalogues of electronic machines was exhausted the staff 'with innocent smiles' requested the addresses of the factories to which extra copies could be sent. And some gullible people were caught on the hook, the author writes.

Foreign spies in Russia operate in many ways, *Znamya's* readers are told. They adopt the disguise of diplomats, they try to meet people who have secrets up their sleeve, they eavesdrop, they keep their eyes glued to the newspapers, television screens, newsreels. They occupy separate compartments in the trains so that they can spy unobserved from the windows and, if that is impossible, they take photographs through lavatory windows. They pass themselves off as Hungarians or East Germans, as tourists or businessmen. And they are attracted, like bears to honey, by Russian drunks.

The Russian abroad is in even greater danger of being pumped of his secrets. 'Foreign intelligence services study carefully everyone who leaves the Soviet Union, trying to find those who drink to excess, are attracted to women, hungry for money and overfond of acquiring consumer goods.' And Russian tourists are warned against shop-assistants, waiters and hotel personnel, among whom, they are told, foreign intelligence has its agents too. To illustrate his point the *Znamya* author revives the story of Nina Ponomareva, the Soviet discus-thrower who was found guilty of shoplifting by a London court.

What is the Soviet citizen to do in this dangerous situation? He must close every chink through which hostile scouts could creep to national secrets, and thus bar the way to the disclosure of confidential information about the defences, the internal situation and the foreign policy of the Soviet Union. He must remember that in every train or tramcar, in the theatre or the street, there may be some dangerous eavesdropper. He should keep his secrets from his wife. But, above all, the vigilant Russian should know how to recognise the real enemies of his state, for, the *Znamya* author closes, it is impermissible that an atmosphere of suspicion and mistrust should be created among Soviet citizens. The most that foreign visitors to the Soviet Union can hope for is that Russians will learn to spot the spies quickly.

Science

Maths for Peace-lovers

NIGEL CALDER *writes:* Even after Darwin, the cosmologists and the psychologists, something is still needed to puncture the dangerous conceits of mankind, and I think it may come from a study of the statistics of warfare. In his presidential address to the Royal Statistical Society last week, Professor Maurice Kendall remarked that, of all human activities which mankind will steadfastly refuse to believe to be subject to statistical law, war is the foremost. The point here is not the detail of military operations: the scientists who developed operational research during the Second World War showed clearly enough that statistics have a good deal to teach about tactics. No, the much more touchy question concerns the decision to go to war.

A Quaker meteorologist, Lewis Fry Richardson, discovered that the distribution of wars through history appears to be governed by chance. It conforms to just the statistical pattern which you would expect if there was a constant probability of war breaking out in any year. This pattern, technically known as a Poisson distribution, is the same as you get if you count the number of currants in currant buns made from one mix – the buns can represent years and the number of currants the number of outbreaks of war, sometimes one, sometimes four, sometimes none. There is an inevitability about Richardson's figures which, apart from being very disturbing, casts doubt on historical interpretations, even of the more sophisticated kind, of why men go to war.

Like many others, I suppose, I was all too anxious to dismiss Richardson's work as 'interesting' but nothing more. Now I find myself shaken by results from Professor Kendall's department at the London School of Economics. An analysis of the outbreaks of major strikes in British industry since the war shows just the same kind of Poisson distribution in the numbers of outbreaks per week. Kendall wonders whether it may not be possible to devise a general theory of disasters – wars, accidents, strikes and epidemics.

Richardson died seven years ago leaving the manuscript of two books, *Statistics of Deadly Quarrels* and *Arms and Insecurity*, which have just been published by Stevens. They collect together his mathematical ideas, not only on the occurrence of war but also on the theory of arms races. Underlying the mathematics of arms races is the simple idea of 'symmetrical schismogenesis' of which Gregory Bateson spoke in connection with the Iatmul tribe of New Guinea, among whom homicide was the most honoured act and who staged ceremonial boasting competitions, reaching extravagant extremes.

It is not possible adequately to summarise Richardson's work, to which he devoted much of his life and which is inevitably peppered with doubts. However, some of his conclusions are worth mentioning. Economic causes seem to have figured directly in less than 29 per cent of wars since 1820. Britain has been involved in more wars than any other country since that time, but the problem of war does not arise from the diabolism of a few states. There is a suggestion that, as the frequency of wars has not increased with the growth of the world's population, mankind has become less warlike.

It was emphatically not Richardson's purpose to demonstrate that wars were inevitable. He was, however, concerned to persuade the world of the robot-like nature of war, to offset the complex emotional reasons offered for engaging in war. His motive was to assist in removing the causes of war, and he used to send his mathematical papers to people in power, who no doubt treated them like any other tracts from cranks and threw them in the waste paper basket.

Ironically, those most likely to take them up and study them are scientists employed in the defence of states, accustomed to numerical thinking, who might hope to find something of practical use in their own military preparations. Richardson's analyses are highly suggestive of fundamental laws of human behaviour, but they are incomplete and probably faulty in various ways. I hope that other peace-loving scientists and mathematicians will take up his work and see it through.

Perhaps it has been made completely out

of date by the development of nuclear weapons? A mental check on the events of the last ten years does not suggest that war has gone out of fashion. The Borneo boasters are hard at it in the Pentagon, the Kremlin and Whitehall. Richardson thought the process of enlightenment might take many generations; it is hard to believe we have so much time – for we can expect roughtly ten new wars in the next ten years.

This pacifist mathematician expressed his main lesson in a characteristic way: a country engaged in an arms race is like a man attempting to steer a boat under the impression that he has to push the tiller the way he wants to turn – it has the opposite result to what he expects. One can push the simile further: a whole lot of boats with novices at the helm, milling about in a crowded waterway, will have collisions; and the collisions from hour to hour will follow a Poisson distribution.

Westminster

Two Fighters

J. P. W. MALLALIEU *writes*: Seven new members took their seats on the same day – a parliamentary record; but the House paid attention only to one. As Mr Michael Foot, flanked by his Welsh whip and his Welsh parliamentary neighbour, marched a little unsteadily towards the table, most of the Opposition front bench looked, in a colleague's phrase, like a row of empty coffins. Mrs Bessie Braddock refused to cheer. 'Foot stinks', she said. Mr Fred Mulley, that active little member of the National Executive, was not visible to me. Perhaps he was composing further letters to the papers explaining that Labour's victory at Ebbw Vale was as bad as Labour's defeat at Bolton. Mr Denis Healey, who had surged to the microphone to broadcast much the same view, was just visible behind the Speaker's chair, looking his usual depressed self. I could not see Mr James Callaghan, regarded by some Ebbw Vale zealots as the man who saved the Tory candidate's deposit.

'How did the boys like my speech?' Callaghan is said to have asked on his way to a second meeting. 'The boys, Mr Callaghan, have asked me very kindly to drop you in the lake', said his driver. That is the driver's account. Perhaps Callaghan was still drying his clothes. The rest of the House gave Foot an almost riotous welcome back.

The immediate effect of Foot's return has been to revive spirits. It is a long time since I have seen so many smiling left-wing faces. The left-wing tendency to divide and subdivide itself has also, momentarily, been arrested; for now that there is one man who is personally acceptable as a rallying point, other individual egos and vanities seem willing to submerge themselves. Much will now depend on whether Foot and his closest friends intend to be adamantine on defence in face of majority Labour parliamentary feeling and in face of the continually changing facts of the defence situation. The example of the leadership, which is trying to maintain a rigid position on a shifting base, may provide a helpful warning here; and if, instead of over-concentration on defence, Foot feels able to put his main energies into assaults on the government and expositions of Socialist policies on Clause Four lines, he will not only keep the Left together but compel the right to abandon its present preoccupation with the problem of how to evict non-conformist elements from the party.

Labour has regained one fighter, but has unhappily lost another. Round about 1899, young Wedgwood Benn moved and carried a motion in the University College debating society condemning the Boer War. At the end, the Empire Loyalists of those days burst into the hall and threw him from the window. Ever afterwards Wedgy was delighted both that he could use the word 'defenestration' out of personal experience and that he was caught in his fall by the university porter. The Tuesday before last, Wedgy came near to getting himself thrown out of the House of Lords. A proposal to put up a plaque to an Indian patriot was being opposed by some members of the LCC on the grounds that the patriot was a terrorist. The only way of raising this matter that Wedgy could see was on the adjournment of the House, a procedure which has not been used for many years. The authorities tried to stop him. He fought all day, won and delivered a short, passionate blistering speech. His last. Two days later he was dead.

In the 61 years separating these two stories, Wedgy fought continuously, on great issues like the freedom of India or the subjection of Africans under Welensky, on smaller issues like the Bristol boy who was ejected from the scouts because he was thought to be a Communist – on any issue, great or small, which involved the right of men and women to live and speak their minds. Brought up with Pringle and Hogg, he became a master of House of Commons procedure and used his mastery to harass almost into despair even the suffocating majority of the Lloyd George coalition. Removing such a man from the Commons to the Lords was like putting a cocksparrow in with a cage of peacocks. While their lordships ruffled their plumage, Wedgy flitted restlessly from twig to twig and occasionally swooped into the flock with a rush of wind which disturbed a lot of dignities. He remained a Commons man to the end – as Michael Foot will do. If, indeed, to the passionate belief in liberty, which he shares with Wedgy, and the inexhaustible willingness to fight, Foot can add Wedgy's shrewdness in tactics and knowledge of procedure, he will become an even more formidable parliamentarian than Wedgy.

'. . . and, er, fight again.'

An Anthology of Tawney

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Commissioned to write a special article for R. H. Tawney's 80th birthday, which falls next Wednesday, I began re-reading his four Socialist classics.* By the time I had finished I realised that a conventional reassessment would be an act of hubris. In a Socialist journal, the greatest of our prophets must speak for himself. I have preferred, therefore, to select a Tawney anthology and add to it a brief postscript.

In the 1920's it was the principles formulated in *The Acquisitive Society* and exemplified in *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism* which shattered middle-class complacency and turned so many university students into Socialist intellectuals. How will Tawney's vision of the Labour Party as a Cromwellian 'New Model Army' appeal to the youth of our affluent society?

In the 1930's when a Labour government had been tried and had failed, his role changed. He became not the visionary preacher of Christian Socialism but a fierce Micah, castigating the Chosen People for their shortcomings and prophesying doom unless their leaders repented. Will the stern advice he gave to a party torn and distracted by the 1931 fiasco assist us in our present factional disputes?

The Meaning of Freedom

'If Socialists are to restore to the idea of freedom the magic which once belonged to it, they must bring it down to earth. They must state its meaning in realistic and constructive terms, not as a possession to be defended, but as a goal to be achieved. They must make it evident that their policy is to end economic, as well as political, tyranny, by making economic, as well as political, power responsible to authorities acting for the nation . . . This does not necessarily mean indiscriminate nationalisation, which is merely one method, though an important method, of achieving that result. It does mean that the key-points and strategic positions of the economic system shall be removed from the sphere of private interests and held by public bodies.' (*We Mean Freedom*, 1944.)

What is Wrong with the Labour Party

'The gravest weakness of British Labour is one which it shares with the greater part of the world, including British capitalists. It is its lack of a creed. The Labour Party is hesitant in action, because divided in mind. It does not achieve what it could, because it does not know what it wants. It frets out of office and fumbles in it, because it lacks the assurance either to wait or to strike. Being without clear convictions as to its own meaning and purpose, it is deprived of the dynamic which only convictions can supply. If it neither acts with decision nor inspires others so to act, the principal reason is that it is itself undecided.

'This weakness is fundamental. If it continues uncorrected, there neither is, nor ought to be, a future for the Labour Party. A political creed, it need hardly be said, is neither a system of transcendental doctrines nor a code of rigid formulae. It is a common conception of the ends of political action, and of the means of achieving them, based on a common view of the life proper to human beings, and of the steps required at any moment more nearly to attain it. A movement, like an individual, cannot build its existence round an internal vacuum. Till the void in the mind of the Labour Party is filled – till interests are hammered by principles into a serviceable tool, which is what interests should be, and a steady will for a new social order takes the place of mild yearnings to make somewhat more comfortable terms with the social order of today – mere repairs to the engines will produce little but disillusionment.' (*The Choice before the Labour Party*, 1934).

The Affluent Society

'To those who clamour, as many now do, "Produce! Produce!" one simple question may be addressed: "Produce what?" If the nation desires to re-equip its industries with machinery and its railways with wagons, had it not better refrain from holding exhibitions designed to encourage rich men to re-equip themselves with motor cars? What can be more childish than to urge the necessity that productive power should be increased, if part of the productive power which exists already is misapplied? Is not *less* production of futilities as important as, indeed, a condition of, *more* production of things of moment?' (*The Acquisitive Society*, 1921.)

Two Basic Principles of Socialism

'The first principle is that industry should be subordinated to the community in such a way as to render the best service technically possible, that those who render that service faithfully should be honourably paid, and that those who render no service should not be paid at all, because it is of the essence of a function that it should find its meaning in the satisfaction, not of itself, but of the end which it serves. The second is that its direction and government should be in the hands of persons who are responsible to those who are directed and governed, because it is the condition of economic freedom that men should not be ruled by an authority which they cannot control. The industrial problem, in fact, is a problem of right, not merely of material misery, and because it is a problem of right it is most acute among those sections of the working classes whose material misery is least. It is a question first of Function, and secondly of Freedom.' (*The Acquisitive Society*, 1921.)

Industry as a Profession

'The application to industry of the principle of purpose is simple, however difficult it may be to give effect to it. It is to turn it into a profession. A profession . . . is not simply a collection of individuals who get a living for themselves by the same kind of work . . . It is a body of men who carry on their work in accordance with rules designed to enforce certain standards both for the better protection of its members and for the better service of the public . . .

'The difference between industry as it exists today and a profession is, then, simple and unmistakable. The former is organized for the protection of *rights*, mainly rights to pecuniary gain. The latter is organised for the performance of *duties*. The essence of the one is the financial return which it offers to its shareholders. The essence of the other is that, though men enter it for the sake of livelihood, the measure of their success is the service which they perform, not the gains which they amass . . .

'The collective responsibility of the workers for the maintenance of the standards of their profession is, then, the alternative to the discipline which capitalism exercised in the past. It involves a fundamental change in the position both of employers and of trade unions.' (*The Acquisitive Society*, 1921.)

A Warning to the Unions

'The workers cannot have it both ways. They must choose whether to assume the responsibility for industrial discipline and become free, or to repudiate it and continue to be serfs. If, organized as professional bodies, they can provide a more effective service than that which is now, with increasing difficulty, extorted by the agents of capital, they will have made good their hold upon the future. If they cannot, they will remain among the less calculable instruments of production which many of them are to-day.' (*The Acquisitive Society*, 1921.)

Socialist Priorities

'Economic freedom involves a transference of the authority required in order to plan and direct certain major economic activities from the agents of property-owners to organs acting on behalf of the nation and responsible to it. In an industrial society it can be achieved in that way, and it can be achieved in no other. Hence, while I am not lacking, I hope, in enthusiasm for further development of the communal side of Socialism, I regard it, in the present juncture, except in so far as it is concerned with education and health, as secondary to the conquest of economic power.' (*We Mean Freedom*, 1944.)

Honours

'For Labour knighthoods and the rest of it (except when, as in the case of civil servants and municipal officers, such as mayors and town clerks, they are recognised steps in an official career) there is no excuse. Cruel boys tie tin cans to the tails of dogs; but even a mad dog does not tie a can to its own tail . . . When it is necessary that a Labour peer should be made, the victim required to play the part of Jephtha's daughter should be designated by a formal vote of the parliamentary party meeting. It is not actually essential that the next annual conference should pass a resolution of sympathy with him and his wife, but it would be a graceful act for it to do so. What odious Puritanism! Yes, but the Puritans, though unpleasant people, had one trifling merit. They did the job, or, at any rate, their job. Is the Labour Party doing it?' (*The Choice Before the Labour Party*, 1934.)

Labour's Choice

'The Labour Party can be either a political agent, pressing in parliament the claims of different groups of wage-earners; or it can be an instrument for the establishment of a Socialist Commonwealth, which alone, on its

* *The Acquisitive Society*, Bell, 1921; *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism* (1926), Penguin, 1938; *Equality*, Allen & Unwin, 1931; and the occasional essays collected in *The Attack*, Allen & Unwin, 1953.

own principles, would meet those claims effectively, but would not meet them at once. What it cannot be is both at the same time in the same measure. It ought to tell its supporters that obvious truth. It ought to inform them that its business is to be the organ of a peaceful revolution, and that other interests must be subordinated to that primary duty. It is objected that, by taking that course, it will alienate many of them. It may, for the time being; New Models are not made by being all things to all men. But it will keep those worth keeping. And those retained will gather others, of a kind who will not turn back in the day of battle.' (*The Choice Before the Labour Party*, 1934.)

Three Definitions

Finally, from *The Acquisitive Society*, *Equality*, and a 1917 essay, *A National College of All Souls*, I take three classic Tawney definitions.

'The purpose of industry is the conquest of nature for the service of man.'

'Equality of opportunity is not the absence of violent contrasts of income and condition, but equal opportunities of becoming unequal.'

'British education is neither venerable, like a college, nor popular, like a public house, but merely indispensable, like a pillar-box.'

* * *

Tawney's Socialism is profoundly religious; but, as a Cromwellian Puritan, he has no time for Christian pacifism. One should not forget that in 1914 he joined up as a private, earned his sergeant's stripes and was knocked out in an action which he has immortalised in *The Attack*, one of the finest battle pieces ever written. In Labour politics he has joined a right-wing respect for facts and distaste for irresponsibility to a left-wing doctrine and a radical contempt for the Establishment. But no faction in the past was able to acquire the prestige of his name.

Re-reading him today, each of us is presented with an unpleasantly invigorating choice. We must either accept his philosophy whole and apply it to the problems of the 1960's; or else dismiss it as totally irrelevant to our modern age and explain why this is so. What is impossible is to select what one likes from this austere and coherent creed.

There is one special reason why Tawney's teaching is much less dated than that of such Marxists as Harold Laski and John Strachey. Unlike them, he did not condemn capitalism as unworkable or prove that it was 'inevitably' doomed to collapse by its inherent contradictions. Unlike them, he did not advocate Socialism on the economic ground that it would solve the problems of production and distribution. Capitalism, in Tawney's view, was not unworkable, but wicked; and Socialism was to be preferred to it not because it would raise material living standards but because it would once again subordinate the economic system to Christian principles – and so end that hypocritical divorce between public and private morality which he had exposed and condemned in *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism*.

The fact, therefore, that western capitalism since the war has revealed a quite unexpected capacity for preventing mass unemployment and improving mass living standards leaves Tawney's criticisms of it completely unaffected. By his standards the affluent society of the 1960's is no less acquisitive and therefore no less immoral than the run-down capitalism of the 1930's. Indeed, its success makes certain of its evils even more pronounced. Though there has been a real advance in the maintenance of full employment and the development of welfare services, these are counter-balanced by the growth of irresponsible economic power, by the wasteful and corrupting production of inessentials and by the failure of the Labour Party to mobilise any moral protest against it.

In a wealthy and expanding capitalist society, Tawney's case for subjecting irresponsible economic power to democratic control and for ensuring that public service takes priority over private spending becomes stronger and not weaker. And to the plea that puritanism of this kind has no appeal at the ballot box, Tawney has replied:

> Onions can be eaten leaf by leaf, but you cannot skin a live tiger paw by paw; vivisection is its trade, and it does the skinning first. If the Labour Party is to tackle its job with some hope of success, it must mobilise behind it a body of conviction as resolute and informed as the opposition in front of it.

A Blank Cheque for de Gaulle?

K. S. KAROL

For the last two months in the United States, I was asked, almost daily, the question: 'If you were an American, would you vote for Kennedy or Nixon?' I was often tempted to reply simply: 'I'm very glad that I'm not an American – and don't have to make a choice'. After a week back in Paris, I've already been asked, a dozen times, how I'm going to vote in De Gaulle's referendum; and I must confess that I find this an even more difficult question to answer. In the first place, nobody yet knows exactly what question will be put to the electorate. Secondly, the experts – who are supposed to enlighten opinion – are hopelessly divided on what de Gaulle's intentions are. As always with this ambiguous man, everyone is being kept guessing. Let us begin, therefore, by examining the two rival theories.

On 4 November, in his television speech, de Gaulle reaffirmed the right of the Algerians to self-determination, and the duty of the French army to remain in Algeria to permit the population 'to choose freely'. But he also spoke, for the first time, of 'an Algerian Republic, equipped with a government, institutions and laws', whose emergence, sooner or later, would be inevitable. It was this addition which aroused the wrath of the *ultras*, led to cries of 'de Gaulle to the Gallows' on Armistice Day, and induced Marshal Juin and other senior officers to boycott the ceremonies.

In view of these reactions – which he had expected – de Gaulle told the Cabinet on 18 November that he desired that the nation should have an opportunity, towards the end of January, to pronounce on his project for a separate republic. By means of this, it would be plainly demonstrated, once and for all, that the French people rejected the fiction of *Algérie française*, and were solidly behind de Gaulle against the *ultras* and their friends in the army.

Up to this point, the policy was simple and sensible. Even the fanatical army officers must, in effect, take note of the nation's expressed wish for an Algerian republic, and it would of course be extremely difficult for them to organise a coup if it were shown that the immense majority of Frenchmen was against them. De Gaulle's liberal friends go much further. They argue that, in setting up separate Algerian institutions, his intention is to end the war by a 'Madagascar solution'. In Madagascar, where the French savagely suppressed the 1947 uprising, de Gaulle handed over power to the pro-French elements, but gradually the rebel leaders were brought into the government and the country moved progressively to independence without the army being aware, at any one point, that the pass was being sold.

De Gaulle, it is argued, will soon begin the same process in Algeria by giving the key post in the new Algerian executive to M. Fares, the ex-President of the Algerian Assembly, who, though pro-French, maintains friendly links with Ferhat Abbas and his government. So, progressively, the FLN will take its place in the 'Gaullist Algerian Republic', and peace will break out. The army will be, not the enemy, but the protector and ally of the new state, which will remain linked to France.

But there is another side to this attractive coin. First, de Gaulle himself has never spoken the thoughts which his liberal friends attribute to him. The questions which are being prepared for the nation make no refer-

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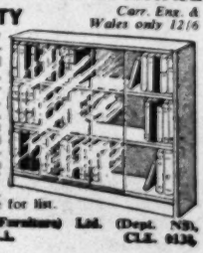

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ence to an Algerian republic but treat of a kind of mixed administration very similar to the one France installed in Indo-China before the Dien Bien Phu debacle. The Secretariat for Algerian Affairs in Paris will be transformed into a Ministry for Algeria (presided over by a Frenchman), while in Algiers there will be a joint committee of four Frenchmen and four Algerians, invested with vague powers. This is very far from being a revolution or a calculated challenge to the army.

On the contrary; as the Algiers correspondent of the Tunisian weekly *Afrique Action* writes: 'Certain officers are quite prepared to accept de Gaulle's ideas, but only so long as the *fellaghas* are kept out of Algeria and the army remains'. Here, indeed, is the essence of the problem. The army is opposed to any solution which involves its own departure and the entry of the FLN. So long as it is allowed to remain, it will obey orders. But equally, so long as the army does remain, and in effect governs the country, the FLN will never come out of hiding.

In New York I saw most of the Algerian leaders, from Belkacem Krim, the Vice-premier in the provisional government, to Ben Yahia, the Algerian delegate at the Melun talks. What they say is quite simple: their military and practical situation is improving every day, time is on their side; they are not interested in a compromise which would allow them to return to Algiers by the tradesman's entrance when they know they will eventually get in by the front door. They maintain, further, that no representative Algerian, M. Fares or anyone else, will agree to participate in a Gaullist provisional executive, and that it will merely be composed of *beni oui-ouis*, like the old Assembly.

The FLN may be accused of intransigence. But it is clear that they have no intention of playing de Gaulle's game, and without the public or tacit agreement of Ferhat Abbas, the General's strategy makes no sense. If the army is really prepared to tolerate the referendum, and if the FLN refuses to acknowledge its result (it has already declared the vote to be illegal), then de Gaulle's plan will lead to nothing. Once again, we are trapped in the same vicious circle: peace in Algeria is impossible without negotiations with the FLN, and without a trial of strength between Metropolitan France and the army extremists.

This is why I don't know how to vote. Perhaps the situation may change during de Gaulle's forthcoming visit to Algeria. Perhaps he will take this opportunity to say what he really means, and bring things to a head. Until then, we must reserve judgment. Once again, I find myself reflecting on the curious parallel with the US elections. When Kennedy says he will not recognise China, and will do everything in his power to destroy the Cuban revolution, his liberal friends immediately explain to you that he has the firm intention of negotiating with Mao Tse-tung and that he will take a moderate line with Castro. One had to vote for him not on the basis of what he said in public, but on what his entourage read into his thoughts.

The same with de Gaulle. He is asking the French in January to vote for an Algerian solution which, as it stands, is no solution at all, and which cannot work any better than the Bao Dai system in Indo-China. But at the same time, we are asked to believe that de Gaulle has learnt the lesson of Indo-China, and that he knows there will be no peace in Algeria without Ferhat Abbas, just as there could be no peace in Indo-China without Ho Chi Minh. As before, the General is asking for a blank cheque.

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London Diary

MAURICE RICHARDSON

I understand that more than one political correspondent's afterthoughts-in-advance on Ebbw Vale had to be hurriedly rejigged to account for Michael Foot's 16,000 majority. The BBC, having already confirmed its diagnosis of a pro-Gaitskellite syndrome in the other by-elections, was caught napping. The actual welcome back to Westminster has been perhaps significantly wide. Foot's personal, as distinct from his political, fans are spread out on a broad front ranging from Randolph Churchill rightwards – not quite so far right as Woodrow Wyatt of course. But even Foot's political opponents seem to feel his presence is desirable as a focus of healthy opposition. Left-wing Labour in parliament needs him as huntsman if it is not to tail dismally behind opinion outside. So strong is the current of goodwill that you hear most unlikely supporters rallying round with advice. Foot's personal charm, they agree, is considerable; he is sociable, sympathetic, above all lively. In private conversation he gives out an electric crackle, an infectious sense of elation. If only, say the well-wishers, he could get a bit more of his congenital clubbability and a little less of his sea-green incorruptibility into his House of Commons manner, he might yet capture the keys of the kingdom. You can imagine the sardonic snort this advice would provoke: 'By all means let's have more clubs; we've already got a nuclear club and a suicide club . . . ' Meanwhile, at a moment when perils of every kind loom near – ambushes economic, avalanches global-strategic – one experiences some of that urgent relief which Fenimore Cooper's harassed party felt when the Pathfinder suddenly rejoined them in the darkest part of the wood.

* * *

The seamy as opposed to the dreamy side of political honours gets a further airing in William Camp's candid biography of the first Lord Birkenhead, *The Glittering Prizes*, which will be published early in December. At a glance, the treatment of F. E. looks to be fairly thorough, though not unfair. I mustn't anticipate the reviews, but I am glad to see that the role of the pre-1914-war Liberal Chief Whip, Lord Elibank, has not been overlooked. He it was who first pointed out to Maundy Gregory the opportunities that awaited an enterprising title-broker and started him off on that fantastic career with the bogus red dispatch boxes in the offices of the *Whitehall Gazette*, and the dinners for hard-faced men who had done well out of the war – with Birkenhead and Seeley to lend distinction and authenticity.

* * *

Soviet Russian watches can now be bought in London for between £6 and £8. I am trying one as an experiment. A Poljot. Large and handsome in flashing stainless steel (you can have rolled gold) with stream-lined face and hands, it looks a credit to its home industry. It reminds me of *The Adventures Of A Three Guinea Watch*, a lesser known work of Talbot Baines Reed told in the first person by a plucky timepiece which was presented to a new boy for his first term at a tough Victorian public school. It had some appalling mishaps. *The Adventures Of A Thirty Rouble Watch* start, I think, like this:

> An ambassador, so say the cynical bourgeois journalists, is a man who is sent abroad to lie for his country. The Soviet watch is just the opposite of this. He is a clockwork diplomat who is exported to tell the truth with the minimum possible deviation, as has now been made possible by our Soviet craftsmen. Ah! they are winding me up. I wonder who is my purchaser? I hope it may be some sturdy British proletarian. I will serve him faithfully, keep him on time for his long hours at the factory and his political struggles afterwards. With each oscillation of my movement I will give him a message of comfort and solidarity. Tick: agitate! Tock: and organise! . . . I'm on his wrist now. And I don't much like the feel of it. This is no horny-handed son of toil. Inky fingers. But perhaps he is one of their cultural workers, an honest teacher . . . (*Later*) No, no! This is worse than I ever dreamed. I have been sold into slavery. My master is a member of the petty bourgeois intelligentsia of a type far-gone in degeneracy. While I support his wrist and fortify him with time's motion, his criminal fingers are tapping out pernicious rubbish of several kinds, formalistic, neo-Freudian, anarchistic. Should I sabotage him by going too fast or too slow? No, that would be to betray the Soviet watch industry. But I wish I could get in touch with other exported Soviet watches to explain that this predicament is not of my choosing . . .

At the end of five days the Poljot is still well on the beam. I have had two trade opinions on it. One said it has an excellent movement, up to medium Swiss standard; the other that it is quite a solid job but lacking in horological finesse.

* * *

You never know when your penological opinions aren't going to be put to the test. Sunday evening. I am dozing on the sofa when my ear is caught by a hostile murmur outside; then a crack as something hits the window. A stamping scurry of feet; Teddys. By the time I am out of the front door they are round the corner and – to my relief – half-way to their casbah down by the station. (I live in a quiet enough suburb but on the fringe of a slightly lumpen area.) The setting was ludicrously apt. On the TV set, as if to fortify me in my anti-birch policy, Paul and Barnabas were taking a severe stoning in the market place at Antioch. And I was reading the November number of *The Twentieth Century*, which had enterprisingly handed itself over to youth, all contributors being under 25. I had just finished an eloquent protest by Colin Bell complaining that 'it is a cardinal belief of our society that the young are politically apathetic, yet socially anarchic.' H'm. I didn't find any modal revelations but the issue as a whole makes a useful generation-gap-bridger. It gave me that this-is-where-we-came-in feeling, but with a difference. This is the feeling I get when I imagine I have detected overlapping points on the historical spiral; with 30-year intervals between coils: Nineties-Twenties-Fifties; Thirties-Sixties. When you think how 30 years ago the aftermath of World War One, and the prospect of perhaps a little more trouble to come, were generally accepted as responsible for most of the manifestations of flaming youth, it seems odd that anyone should be surprised at present-day anarchy. The most surprising thing, really, is that there isn't more of it.

* * *

Reading about the demolition of Pennyfields I feel impelled to have a last look at Limehouse. Still plenty of it left standing. From the top of the bus in the Commercial Road the first sight of the church and the derricks evokes the same absurdly romantic pang. The West India Dock Road, starting at the corner of the huge yellow 'Great Eastern' pub is entirely recognizable, despite gaps. On a blue, sunny, misty November afternoon it retains glamour. There are the slop shops and the strange grey and cream building of Cornbro and Scrutton, the Ship Chandlers, dated 1860, looking like a Wesleyan chapel. The 'Oporto' pub is still standing. The 'Commercial' on the corner of Pennyfields has gone; this was a quiet, rather esoteric pub with elaborate flower decorations. The Chinese liked it. The 'Rose & Crown', which used to be so gay on Saturdays with its amateur talent concerts, is there. 'Charley Brown's' is threatened, but nobody seems to expect it to be actually moved in spite of pneumatic drills all round and deserted back streets. An ageless newsagent with a creased face and brown horn spectacles, one of those congenital East End intellectuals, says he was first warned years ago and expects to be there in 1970. Lunch by a snug coal fire in the East & West restaurant. Bright red tables and pretty Chinese posters. And the strangest domestic architecture. A cupboard built into the middle of the room. Very late; no one else there except a Chinese friend of the proprietor's in a green tweed hat and puce waistcoat; yet they produce a delicious prawn *chow mien* in less than two minutes.

* * *

When I first started coming down here before the war there was still a strong hangover from Victorian and Edwardian slum London with its ferocious squalor and its undersized runts and bun-shaped wheezy old tarts who used to fight like tigers after the pubs shut. I wish I had kept my resolution to live there for three months and keep a diary. Pity Thomas Burke wrote such rubbish about Limehouse.

TODAY'S FORECASTS ARE TOMORROW'S FACTS

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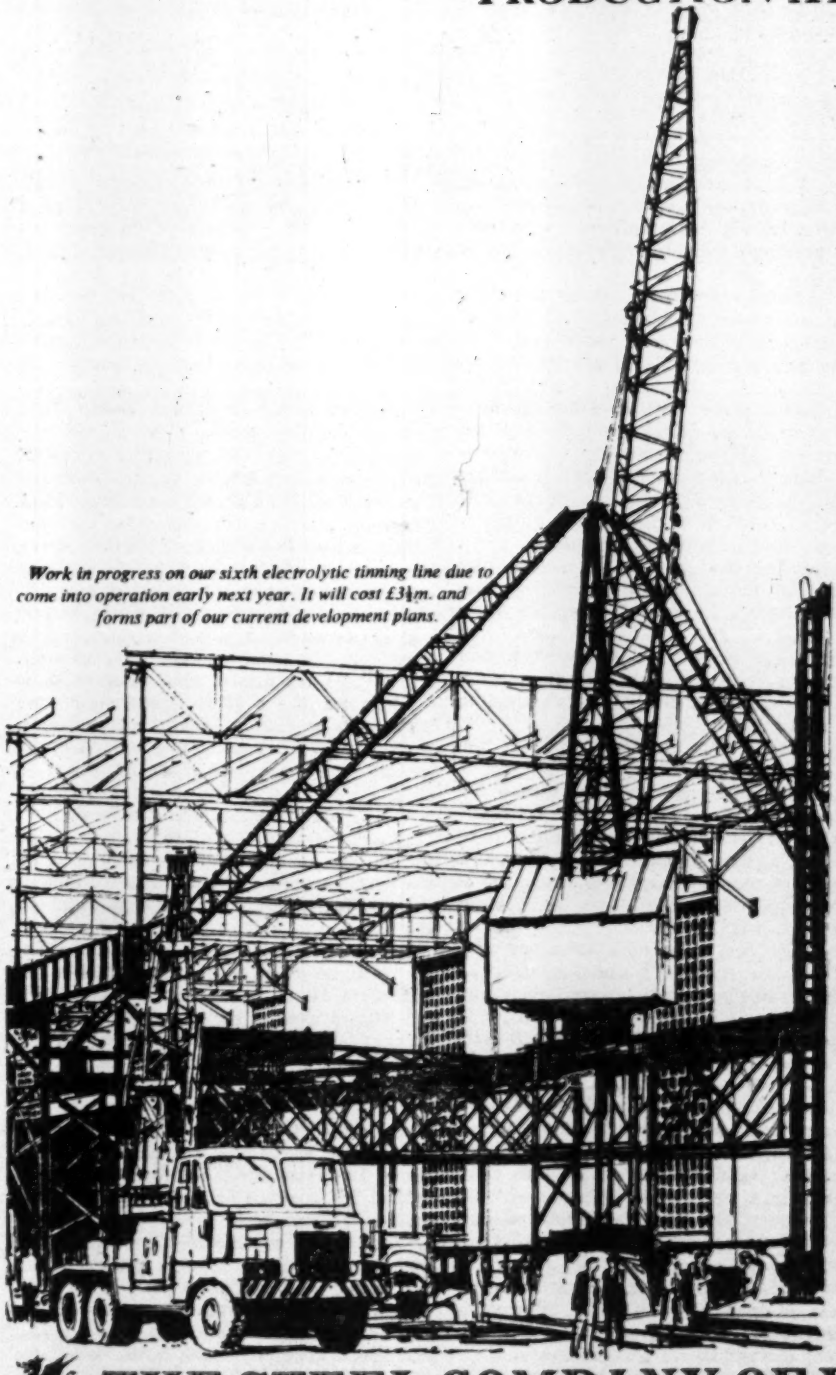

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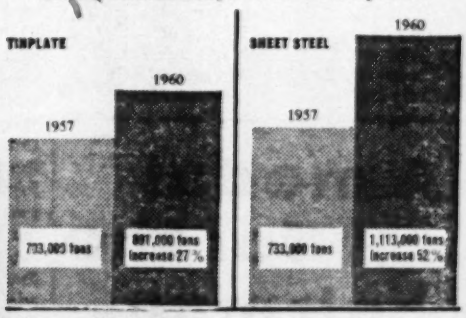

PLANNING FOR 1970

This year, for example, the demand for sheet steel has been greater than the most optimistic forecasts made by consumers of our products. To fill the gap which even the industry's greatly increased production cannot close, about 600,000 tons will have been imported by the end of the year.

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This is Broadsheet No. 20 from the City of Steel

He knew his London well, but he had an infallibly bogus falsifying touch. Somehow this afternoon the now crumbling East End seems to have gone backwards in time. There is a not-so-very-old man in bowler hat and white muffler and moustache like spreading wings above his inverted pipe bowl; a period piece from 1910. Further west along the Commercial Road – trust the East End to get its sensations from the news – is a poster announcing an Ecclesia Society lecture on the Coming World War.

This England

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'We always regarded the Afrika Corps as worthy opponents' (said General McCreery) 'and I hope that this tank will be regarded as a symbol of unity that binds us all together as soldiers in a common cause—the defence of the free world.' – *Guardian*. (J. Malcolm.)

Sir Alec said that a woman who had seen 'Ross' from the front row at the Haymarket Theatre on Saturday afternoon, complained most audibly to her husband that she had expected to see 'West Side Story.'

They had argued all through the play, overheard by the cast. Sir Alec had been finally shattered to see them placing chocolates in each others' mouths. – *Daily Telegraph*. (H. Bundy.)

As a man living near Woodford Green put it, 'The less fortunate people – I prefer to call them that rather than the working-class – the less fortunate people don't live in this part of Woodford. They tend to be combined in particular areas, and I must say they seem to get on with each other very well.' – *Observer*. (Gillian Page.)

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High Spirits and Grim Realities

KINGSLEY MARTIN

I have seldom seen so may people happy at the same time as at the national stadium here when Nigeria defeated the UAR at football on Saturday. It was the culmination of a week devoted to honouring Dr Azikiwe as the first African Governor-General of Nigeria. Children will call 'independence' after you as you pass in one of the 300 Chevrolets and Jaguars imported for the convenience of Zik's international guests. These guests include African leaders such as Mr M'boya from Kenya, Mr Botsio from Ghana, Sudanese ministers and British politicians and journalists of all parties.

Though the entertainments have been lavish and the crowds happy, they have been sober affairs. Politics here are still personal and the political enthusiasm has been largely confined to cheers for Zik, commonly taking the form of a prolonged 'ZZZ . . .' smilingly hissed through the teeth.

Dr Azikiwe's popularity has not prevented press and public speculation about whether this ambitious and powerful man has fully and finally accepted the role of a constitutional governor-general pledged to eschew party, an impartial person with no more functions than those of the British monarch to whom he swore allegiance in a remarkable inauguration address. Theoretically such an address should have been composed, or at least vetted, by the Premier; it was in fact a policy speech, very obviously personal, and it sounded like the utterance of a man who thought of himself rather as an American President than a Governor-General. So people ask whether Zik will be content with the trappings of office, with £10,000 a year tax free, a lovely residence and the influence that is restricted to the monarch's right to advise and warn.

That this is what the Premier intends him to be no one doubts. Abubakar Balewar is himself a man of power and presence and experience, and he is not likely to brook interference from the Governor-General or even from the Sardauna of Sokoto, the Premier of the Moslem North and chief of the region from which Abubakar Balewar himself comes. The federal Premier has his own limitations, those of a strict and conservative Moslem with a tradition of feudal authority. But he seems to have largely outlived these, and it is his genuine conversion to a modern democratic outlook on which every responsible observer of Nigeria relies as the most hopeful and stable factor in this extraordinary situation. Few can really have expected the 35 million people of three utterly distinct regions, all led by rival politicians with great ambitions, so speedily to come together in a centralised federation with the full co-operation of their ambitious regional heads. That the federal Premier will deal drastically and successfully with the official opposition, he showed in the parliamentary debate on defence last Saturday. He roundly accused Chief Awolowo of grossly misrepresenting the agreement with Britain and was generally held to have made hay of his critics. But the economic and social realities may soon make these personal and party politics look very small indeed.

Personal politics are fun to Nigerians. Nationally they feel some resentment of Ghana, as an elder sister might feel when the younger is the first to marry. It does them a lot of good to send troops to the Congo; it puts them in the world picture alongside their much smaller neighbour. But can they afford to go on allowing 87 per cent of the national expenditure to go in private consumption, to import every luxury according to whim with little capital saving? Can they attract the foreign capital they need so much unless their administration looks more incorruptible and efficient than it does now? Are they in for an awkward inflation? And how seriously is anyone to take the Socialism preached by Zik's party in the present orgy of affluent spending? I doubt if this can last and I should suppose that at some point the 'condition of the people question' as the English called it in our capitalist 19th century must become politically important. Perhaps not yet; the notion of national social responsibility has not yet achieved any substantial hold on the minds of ministers, opposition leaders or the public.

This problem has been spectacularly illustrated last week by the action of Dr Ganz, a British specialist in charge of the children's department of the Lagos hospital. He is the second British doctor to try to arouse public opinion to the neglect of children's diseases. Dr Robert Collis, now working in the fine modern hospital at Ibadan, has given the facts in a recent book *A Doctor's Nigeria* (Secker & Warburg, 25s.). The central fact is that, while babies in this country live happily on their mother's backs and are breast-fed until they are a year or more old, the mortality between the years of one and five is not merely high but horrifying. While infant mortality in the strict sense may not be higher than in the poorer European states, the mortality afterwards, when the children cease to be fed on their mother's protein and are suddenly put on to a diet of pap, is perhaps 30 or 40 times as high as for children of this age in a western European country. I have seen for myself what some of these children die of – a ghastly gangrene disease which can be readily stopped by penicillin; tetanus, almost extinct now in the West; the terrible kwasiorkor and other horrors. One child I shall not forget; it could, I should have said, have been seen only in Belsen.

Dr Ganz's ward is crowded with a few of the sufferers of these diseases; children lie on the floor between each bed; and by dint of pressure he has overcome the usual objection (how matrons and doctors love a 'tidy' ward!) to allowing the mothers of the children to sit on stools by their babies' beds and tend them. He has now, in an uncompromising letter printed, I think, only in the *Daily Express* (a Thomson paper), revealed that his repeated requests for more nurses, doctors and other facilities have been completely ignored by the authorities and that he will be compelled to cut down the meagre numbers treated in hospital for lack of staff and funds. Dr Ganz admits that he has offended against his contract in appealing to public opinion. He can be dismissed; but he is only on a three-year contract with another year to run. My fear is rather that his revelations will not seem of political importance to the politicians or public and that the action of this humane and brilliant doctor will be ignored. His only comfort, if so, will be the knowledge that similar revelations of social inequities in 19th century England were also brushed aside by the negligent authorities but gradually an enlightened opinion emerged which applied the reforms the pioneers demanded.

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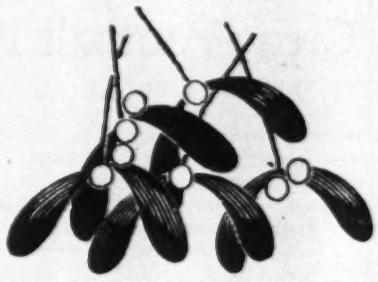

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J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Some towns today hardly need those extra police and special buses on a Saturday afternoon. The flow which used to disorganise traffic, and swamp even the smoke-blackened side streets, on its way to the football ground has fallen to a trickle. Compared with this time last year – which itself showed a big drop on 1958 – some two and a half million fewer spectators have troubled to watch Football League matches and, as a result, 60 out of the 92 League clubs say that they are now losing money.

It is at this moment that, by accident rather than intention, the Professional Footballers Association has brought the players' long-standing grievances to a head, grievances about the maximum limit set to their earnings, about the form of their contract which binds them to an employing club even when the contract has expired, about the persistent refusal of the employers to set up a disputes committee at which grievances could be quickly aired and possibly settled, instead of being allowed to fester. Unless some agreement is reached, there is to be a strike on 13 December – the first in the history of the game; already this week the row has flared in the House of Commons, and conciliators at the Ministry of Labour have begun to work overtime.

Nor is this all. For many years past there have been hints of corruption in football. This season some players have been publicly accused of fixing matches to provide themselves and their backers with assured pickings from the fixed-odds coupons. These charges are still being investigated by the football authorities. Ten days ago, the manager of what I would call one of the six most glamorous clubs in the country made another charge to me personally. 'National newspapers,' he said, 'are bribing my players to ask for a transfer in order to create a story. Worse, at least one player in every first and second division club is being paid by one newspaper or another to sell not only dressing room tittle tattle, but also such secrets as the tactics we intend to use in a particular game'. This manager is not a has-been who has turned sour. Nor is he inexperienced and hot-headed. Through the 20 years I have known him as player and manager he has been intelligently devoted to his game. Yet he could say: 'I have lost heart. I get hold of good youngsters and try to bring them on. But within two years, they're corrupted'.

Obviously, English professional football is in a mess; but before one can begin to understand how it has got into this mess one must first get clear some facts about its organisation. There are two controlling bodies. The supposedly supreme Football Association generally supervises all football, amateur and professional, except the break-away Sunday leagues. It is responsible for changes in the rules, for seeing that the rules, both of play and of administration, are obeyed. It runs 'the Cup'. It represents England in football dealings with other countries. It chooses and runs our international teams.

The second controlling body is the Football League which, through its management committee, is responsible, broadly, for running professional football through the 92 League clubs. The existence of these two bodies is a cause of increasing friction, even though representatives from the League serve in the councils of the Association. Most of the money which reaches football comes through the League; and the League, providing most of the cash, resents surveillance from a body which it is itself helping to subsidise. The League cry for a breakaway from the Association comes louder each year.

Such friction at the top does not make for peace below. What makes things worse is that the players, in any negotiations they may have, must deal with both bodies; and a continuing players' complaint has been that, if one body agrees to a proposal, the other will turn it down. There is difficulty moreover in getting both bodies to sit down for negotiation at the same time. The complications, however, do not end there. Although a player is employed by an individual club, the principles on which he is paid and serves are laid down by the League – under the supervision of the Association. But the League is itself really controlled by the votes of its full members, the 44 First and Second Division clubs, plus four 'associates' from the Third and Fourth Divisions. To be accepted by this body, any proposal requires a two-thirds majority, and this means that the poorer clubs can veto – as they did veto last month – any proposal by the richer clubs for an improvement in players' conditions. Thus a man who is employed by Arsenal or Spurs finds that in fact his pay and conditions may be controlled, not just by Stoke or Ipswich but even by Accrington Stanley or Aldershot.

Next it is important to look at two points in the players' conditions of service. The first is that the profession is unique in having a maximum wage. No matter how great a star a man becomes, he may not be paid more than the £20 a week, plus bonuses which can be paid to the least effective member of his team. Stanley Matthews, in his heyday, could put £1,000 on a gate; but his club was not allowed to recognise his drawing power.

Two arguments are put forward in favour of this rule. One is that football is a team game, that the star is as dependent on lesser lights as they are on him. The other is that if they could pay what they liked, richer clubs would attract all the stars. Those against it point out that a differential system has worked well, not only in Scotland, but in every other football country in the world and that it provides a much needed incentive to footballers to improve their skill. Anyway even under the present system, the richer clubs tend to get their pick of the stars.

This brings up the second point in the players' condition of service – the transfer system. A player signs a contract for a year with his club. When that contract expires, however, he is not free to move elsewhere, unless his club is willing to let him go and unless (usually) another club is prepared to pay a substantial transfer fee to his existing employer. Hence clubs with poor support keep themselves alive by selling stars to clubs with big gates. The selling club retains the bulk of this fee. When a year ago Huddersfield sold Denis Law to Manchester City for some £50,000 the player himself was allowed to receive only £20 – as a signing-on fee. Players resent a system under which they are tied even by a contract which has expired; but if the authorities will not change this system, the players argue that they should themselves get a larger rake-off from it.

A final point needs to be stressed. There has been corruption in football almost from the beginning of professionalism. Many years ago one manager I know of was able to get his team into the League only by paying £100 to a very high League official. Since then, both directors and managers have paid cash under the counter in defiance of League rules, to induce a player to move from one club to another. Wealthy supporters of star clubs are known to pass round the hat and even offer inducements in kind, like sinecure jobs, to attract or retain the men their club wants. Players who see this being done by their bosses come in time to believe that no holds need be barred in the search for cash, especially when they believe that the rules which prevent them from earning more cash legitimately are unfair.

This, then, is the background, or most of it, to today's crisis. One must also mention the standard of play, which is generally thought to have gone down either because coaching and training methods are unsatisfactory or because, with full employment, there are fewer recruits to professional football or because, in the present atmosphere of the game, some players think more about cash than they do about enjoyment for themselves and the spectators. One should also mention the unattractiveness of most football grounds and the alternative attractions to football now available in post-war Britain.

What then should be done? I think that the limit on wages should be removed at once, leaving a player free, subject to a minimum, to negotiate by himself or through his union for the highest wage that a club is able and willing to pay. This happens in other pro-

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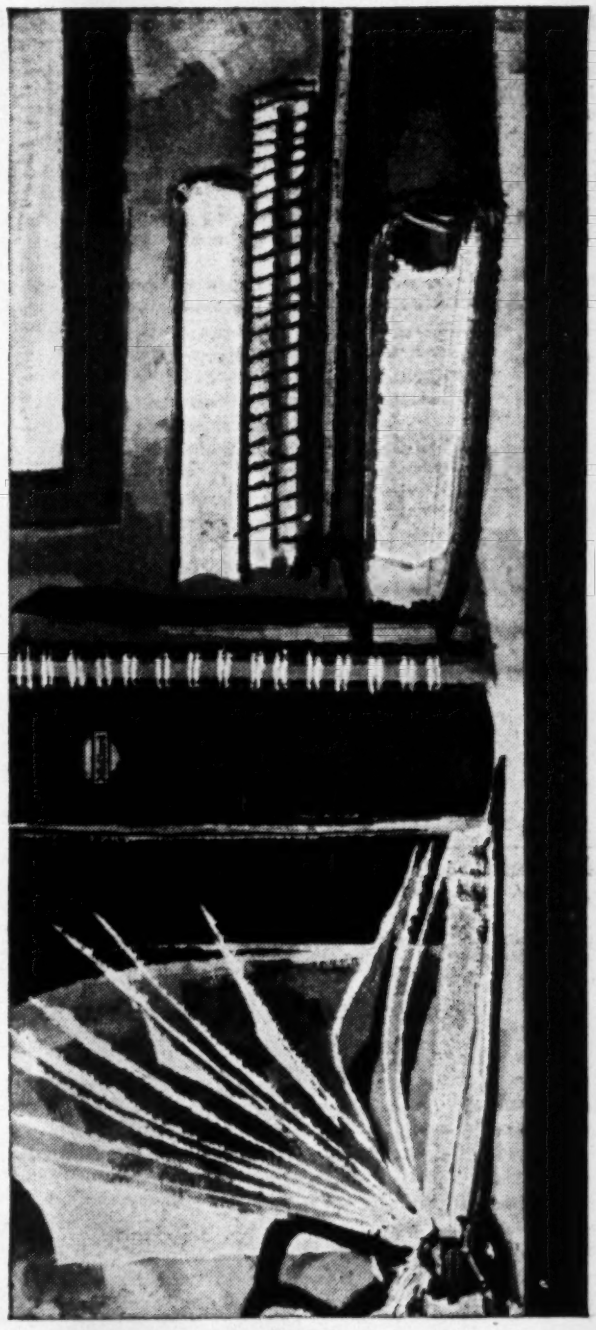

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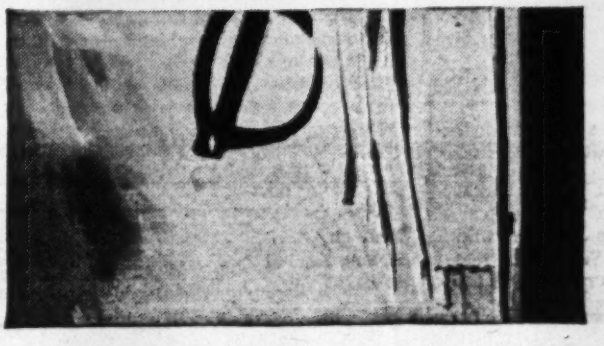

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fessions. There is no reason why football should be an exception. It would mean that the best players would be concentrated, to a greater extent even than now, in the comparatively few clubs which are attracting support already; and this would be an excellent thing, not only for the star players themselves but for the quality of football. We should in fact get an elite of clubs playing in a super-league which could provide football worth going miles to see and could also give potential internationals the chance of welding themselves into a team, either with their own club or (since these super-clubs would not all play in League football every Saturday) in trial international teams playing against clubs which had a vacant date. At the other end of the scale, some clubs which no longer attract support would have to drop out of League football and join regional competitions. I do not think that any club has a right to exist if it has insufficient support. Still less has it the right to hold back more successful clubs and prevent players from getting what are clearly their rights. Nor have indifferent players any right to a regular wage from football. They should find regular work elsewhere and play part-time football.

Secondly, I think that the present transfer system should be abolished. A player, free to negotiate on wages, should be free to negotiate also on the length of his contract – for one, three, even for five years. While the contract lasts, he should be held by it. Afterwards he should be free to move. The existence of the present contract, unfair in itself, has had more to do with corruption than any other single factor. Its abolition could well clean the atmosphere.

Thirdly, disputes committees, one for the super-League, one for the lower grades of professional football, should be set up at once with powers to act, so that players can get in touch with their bosses the moment a serious dispute arises – and so that these bosses can take immediate action without being held back by the paupers clinging to their coat-tails.

If these requirements are satisfied, I believe that all footballers will once again put their eye on the ball instead of on the hand upturned behind someone else's back. The opportunities for watching League football might diminish, but the increased quality of what was available could more than make good the deficiency. Perhaps, above all, an industry which is now becoming distinguished for double-dealing would have a chance to become respectable again.

Professor Tuholsky's Facts

CHRISTOPHER LOGUE

Once upon a little planet,
A nice provincial planet set
Deep in the galactic sticks,
There lived an interesting thing
Called Man.

Man had two legs and two
Convictions: one he called Luck,
Which he believed in when things went right;
The other one he used when things went wrong.
This was called Religion.

Man was vertebrate, bipodic,
Omnivorously dieted, often bald,
And had a soul that never died. [1]
Also he had his fellow countrymen
To stop him getting over-confident.

Man ate a lot:
Plants, fish, animals, birds, snails . . .
Almost anything that he could reach;
Occasionally he ate other men,
But this was rare.

Each man had a liver,
A heart, a brain, and a flag.
These were his vital organs.
On these his life depended.
Doubtless there were men alive

With only half a liver,
Some had no heart,
And many had no brain.
But a man without a flag?
Impossible.

Man was the most useful living creature;
He raised the value of steel-shares;
Cheerfully he died a soldier's death,
Or committed spectacular crimes,
Thereby selling innumerable newspapers,

All of which have now vanished.

Many admired human character,
But it was split. One half was known as Male —
And did not want to think;
The other was called Female —
In whom thinking was discouraged.

Yet both had this in common:
They were full of fear.
They were afraid of cancer, debt,
Old-age, loneliness, and failure;
But most of all they feared their fellow man.

Thus justifying the name 'Sapiens'.

Man was Political.
He lived in groups.
Each group detested the next group.
O, there were so many detestations!
And the chief of these was called Patriotism.

Although he had two ears
Man rarely listened, and, if he did,
He only liked to hear promises, estimates
Of his own value, congratulations, and,
Above all, expressions of gratitude.
Of course, some men were different . . .
Thinkers, revolutionaries, saints,
But these were few,
And they were quickly crucified,
Shot, or poisoned.

And in addition to men there were
White South Africans, though,
As their extinction was hourly expected,
And did eventually arrive,
None of their artifacts survive.

Next week we study Dogs.

1. Although extensive inter-galactic expeditions have searched the whole universe for what must be a colony of some trillion Immortal Souls, none have been found. And, in justice to these expeditions, it must be said that Man was known to tell lies about himself.

"Why I wanted to make a film about Wernher von Braun"
by J. LEE THOMPSON

As a British director, I have been asked to comment on my reasons for making the Von Braun picture—"I AIM AT THE STARS".

It is not unnatural that my fellow countrymen who suffered considerably from his invention—the V2 Rocket—during the last War, and myself—who served in the R.A.F.—should feel that his aim fell a little short of this target. But though tolerance is not a quality that would be attributed to me either by my friends or my enemies, I feel that personal prejudices have no part in the making of motion pictures.

When Charles H. Schneer suggested that I direct his picture—my immediate reaction was "Why me?–a British director"? He explained he wanted the 'true' story and that he felt this might be better obtained from someone who would have a tendency to emphasize von Braun's 'failings'. I thought it a considerable tribute to this American producer and to Columbia Pictures, that they were anxious to get the British point of view into their story in order to preserve a correct balance. In the film, von Braun renounces all form of patriotism. 'A scientist *has* to progress', he affirms, 'he cannot afford to lag behind'. Von Braun's desire to progress is all important. But it is also suggested in the film that perhaps Power politics must accept a share of the blame—for no Power will offer financial aid without demanding something in return—and too often the price demanded is some new and more terrifying weapon of War.

Von Braun dreamt of conquering space. I, personally, blame him for allowing circumstances to divert his original purpose. But I am not a scientist and see no reason not to chronicle the facts and portray the life of a man who—for right or for wrong—has already made his mark in the world and beyond the frontiers of outer space . . .

I AIM AT THE STARS—NOW AT THE LEICESTER SQUARE THEATRE

Logogram – 6

'My sister tells me that two of her three boys always tell the truth and that the third occasionally lies,' said the Professor.

'Last night I heard Michael say to Norman, "John is always truthful". And later I heard Norman say to John, "Michael is always truthful".

'Can you tell me which, in fact, is the one who occasionally lies?'

Solution next week

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM

John was born on 31 *December* 1950. *John is younger than Anne and older than Charles. Next year Anne is* 12 *and Charles is* 11. *John's birthday falls on the same day as Anne's, and the day before Charles'. Hence John must be* 11 *on* 31 *December* 1961.

THE ARTS

Antonioni

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Awarded the slow handclap at Cannes – and a consolation prize for 'cinematic experiment' – *L'Avventura* comes to us free of fashion and popularity. London Film Festival audiences gave it the respect it deserves, and for many, I believe, the occasion was memorable. It starts this week with a run at the Paris-Pullman.

One never knows how the true artist will develop, and those who discerned the qualities of *Le Amice*, Antonioni's previous film shown to the public here, would scarcely have prophesied the flowering of *L'Avventura*. Some things might have been guessed: individuals scared of individuality; the group or bunch given turns like a kaleidoscope; lovers who pin too much on love; the empty beach; the futility of exhausting a present when you're afraid of the future; the lost confidence of the middle classes; suicide perhaps as an end; sex as an escape from boredom and guilt. These jostled oddly and sometimes remarkably in the earlier film. His new one employs much the same approach; what is fresh is the development in depth, in tempi strange to the cinema. Antonioni takes his time, using it in ways wholly his own. A girl looking for her faithless lover hurries towards us along a glassy hotel corridor; in the distance her heeltaps seem to be a *musique concrète*; she comes nearer; the tip-tap clicks into actuality; still she comes on (and how the seconds are drawn out!), till her hurry and worry are busy in close-up. And this is no trick, but inherent in a film that creates its own modes of seeing, hearing and feeling from the start. Impatience is flouted and a new kind of absorption secured, so as to make most films look as though they'd tumbled into meaningless shorthand or telegraphese – as indeed far too many of them have.

The situation of *L'Avventura* is not obviously dramatic, even negligible: a yachting party 'getting away' for the weekend. Away from what? People's flats silting up towards the high garden wall, clock faces, ambition let go, the big love affair turning sour. Of course they can't leave themselves behind, but away they flit for the isles off Sicily, for sunning on the deck and the inevitable sex reshuffle. There's the delusion of scenery; waters grow deeper and cliffs ominous; they are tempted to land on a volcanic island,

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where the girl with the architect-lover forces a final break and disappears.

The search that follows and that occupies the screen a quarter of an hour and more is one of the most sustained passages ever brought to the screen. Inexorably, as image succeeds image, the fruitlessness of this activity is brought home, so that we cannot escape participation, and as the people give themselves away more, the vision of guilt and despair, of the lost seeking the lost, deepens. It is prolonged almost to breaking point (this is what drove fidgeters to protest), but what is achieved is not excess but completeness. Only so, in imagery that never betrays its surface but stares beyond, could Antonioni's meanings be made clear. The effect has been miraculously calculated; and we have been prepared from the beginning when, behind the titles, a plucked guitar has instilled its urgent monotony. (Giovanni Fosco's spare score exactly bears out the visual stresses.) Fundamentally this is a grey film, a film that in its calm scrutiny takes a giant stride away from neo-Realism and redeems territory too often given over to easy satire. But its treatment of dreariness is never itself dreary; it insists on its own obstacles and exaltations, accomplishes its surgeries, rises in the end to a fulfilment undreamt of till it comes.

The nearest comparison is with Bresson, who also wields authority and style, though in a more restricted mode. Where Bresson impeccably realises some *vie engloutie*, Antonioni focuses sharp on everyday life (if, here, removed from the day-to-day struggle). But for the compulsive style we should hardly know how intense has been an inner eye at work. The social measurement is exact, individualities are true, and the screen is employed to its edges.

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The surprise of *L'Avventura* is that out of its first movement of decline and loss, should come resurrection, with the lost girl's friend drawn into love of the man and a new search. (Monica Vitti gives a marvellous performance in the part.) By contrast here the quest is narrowed down: hotel rooms shutter out the glare, light lies above the steep street, architecture blooms fantastically in the sun. True, ostensibly on the trail of the missing girl and finding love, they almost lose it again from too much demand on her part and too little adherence on his; but with a modified rapture the film has achieved its efflorescences after aridity. Will the diminished love survive? Can love bear the sort of strain put on it? Will ambition and talent revive? We can only guess, but there has been a return to living from the ranks of the abdicated. The strength of *L'Avventura* lies in its incorruptibility, its single-minded insistence that, even in the cinema, truth and style must win. Nothing has been sacrificed, and we must rejoice in the triumph.

Bigot on the Green

H. A. L. CRAIG

The progress in *Progress to the Park* is a meander. This is sauntering drama: in place of action there is theme, drift, documentary, haphazard encounter, and a passage of people. The talk in the last act could, with no loss of shapelessness, have occurred in the first. It is a play without plan or dramatic definition; it fits and starts and doesn't finish; it has as many disqualifications as a piece of serious play-making as Miss Hellman herself could list; it is the simple opposite of the 'well-made' play, it is the badly-made play. But, here at least, to Mr Owen, neatness is nothing. His two-hour-traffic of small street-corner agitations could not, except by a far greater talent, be contained in a box: the most he achieves is a funnel; his individuals are part of a herd ruled by public circumstance, church opening, pub opening, park closing. Everyone goes in the same direction, and this gives some consistency.

Mr Owen's play, despite what I say against it, is writer's work. There is hardly a line without its value in words or a speech without its musical interior. Mr Owen is one of those natural, rhythmical writers to whom a line of dialogue must have a chord, even if it is only C-E-G or it will hurt the tongue. Certain speeches as they proceed will gather up their throwaways – 'you know' at the end of sentences – and tap them gently into prominence. He creates opportunity for language, giving an actor sweep in movement on the stage so that he may naturally fly for higher words. Certainly some of the form lost in the action is recovered in the writing.

Progress to the Park, situated on a street corner in Liverpool and, in the third act, around a bench in a park, is a ventilation of religious bigotry. Its older characters are ringed in by church bells, buttoned to the neck in prejudice, while reciting their little nones of hatred: 'you can always tell a papisher by the look around their eyes.' The children are twisted to follow the parental warp, orange or hibernian. Mr Owen puts most of it in – the bigot's eloquence, his sickness, righteousness, pomposity, the honesty of his fear. But what he leaves out is surprising, because it is by its nature theatrical. That is the ecstasy in bigotry. What makes a Lambeg drummer drum his hands to blood, his brains to butter, and himself to a zombie over seven hours? There is a passion, some might call it love, in bigotry: if it were only hatred it could not be the living force it is. 'I will dance on your grave' – a bigot mother's blessing on her mixed-marrying daughter – is a formula to hide a broken heart. Mr Owen does love and he brings his compassion to the scene, but it comes through his Chorus, Teifion Davies, from outside out, rather than from inside in.

On bigotry in its Protestant aspect – social and political – Mr Owen is as knowledgeable as if he had been wheeled in a pram in a street procession. His Mr Laughlin (played at a swell by Brian Murphy) is really knee-deep in orange Boyne mud; everything he says is barricade; he will not give them jobs, neither will he let them pass; though they send 40 priests, he will not let the wine and bread of the Communion transubstantiate. It was a fine piece of playwright's daring to send Mr Laughlin, this cocky missile, into orbit and then recover him as intact character.

But I doubt if Mr Owen has quite caught Roman Catholic bigotry. One knows less about it because, perhaps, it is quieter. They, too, discriminate, cabalise, bring their bottles to Rangers-Celtic, but they also throw more theology with their bottles. It is still worse to be an atheist than a Protestant in a bigoted Catholic community. They see heresy and not the 'look around the eyes.' So when Mrs Keegan berates her 'mixing-up' daughter Meg in terms of Church and priest, as opposed to Faith, I feel she is doing it in a Protestant way and that Mr Owen has missed a trick. But my last word on bigotry is that it is a machine, a foul separator to give some the cream and others the skim – of the milk.

A missed trick will not lose this playwright his game. What matters is his sensibility to people in a neighbourhood, his sensibility to their history; these men are not first-meeting today in drink, they met long ago in lollipops; the girls they once chased away from their games are now their game to catch. Next nine months these girls will be the mothers. Apart from language, what distingushes Alun Owen is a concern for the characters he creates; one must go to Behan to find a man of like affection.

The play is assisted in production by Harry H. Corbett and by John Bury (settings) but abundantly served by its four principals: Roy Kinnear, Michael Coles, Billie Whitelaw and Tom Bell. Tom Bell, who could charm birds down to his five fingers, perhaps too easily, with his speaking, and draw the toad out of the belly of the bigot with his mockery, is the Mercutio of the 'plot,' a little tale of proddy boy and catty girl. But Tom Bell's part, like Alun Owen's writing, is above such slightness; he is very secure on his platform of words, where he is united, to our advantage, with the beautiful Miss Billie Whitelaw.

To everyone who has enjoyed *She Stoops to Conquer* at the Old Vic, I can confidently recommend *The Good-Natured Man* at the Tower Theatre, Canonbury. Goldsmith himself lived at Canonbury Tower, but apart from such home-town considerations the play should be seen both for itself, the gaiety of its guises and disguises, and for the excellence of its staging. Mr David Thompson's groupings on this small stage are worth any stretch of North London. The set, though but a simple series of five arches, glows with the usage of this talented man.

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Figure Painting

DAVID SYLVESTER

Robert Melville's exhibition 'The Mysterious Sign' at the ICA is an anthology of altogether exceptional interest and, by the way, charm. Its theme is, broadly, the incorporation into twentieth-century painting of letters, numbers and other conventional signs (arrows and the like), not in the form of inscriptions but as an integral part of the texture of a painting – as the word *Metropolitain* is incorporated into the iron-work arabesques of the *art nouveau* entrances to the Paris Underground.

For painters, too, this fusion of letters with other forms seems to have had its beginnings in the period of *art nouveau*. There are some half dozen early landscapes by Munch in which a moon just above the horizon casts an elongated reflection in the sea so that it looks as if the one were a dot, the other the stem, of the letter *i* (Strandberg said of one of these paintings at the time that the moon rises like the dot of an *i*'). In the contemporaneous posters and the magazine- and programme-covers of Vuillard and more especially Bonnard, lettering and image are expressly in the same handwriting, so to speak, and are so related that they dissolve into each other rather than offset each other (it's something like the relation of voice to instrument in Wagnerian opera). More than this: in Bonnard's lithographic cover of 1895 for an *Album de la Revue Blanche*, the title is boldly scrawled on either side of the figure of a standing woman, and this simplified figure looks as if it also were a letter or numeral, from an alphabet or notation we haven't learned. In the Munch, then, one of the representational shapes in a representational painting assumes the form of a particular letter. In the Bonnard, a representational shape in a context of lettering assumes the general character of a letter, partly because the letters take on the life of representational shapes.

Right from the start it becomes evident that the modern painter's use of letters can work in several ways, that it doesn't always entail using real letters but only forms that *could be* letters, and that it tends to rejoice in the ambiguities that arise from using letters or possible letters – in the mysteriousness of the sign.

There are any number of reasons why modern painters have used letters as painters once used banners. There is the fact that billboards, traffic signs, labels and so on have become such a dominant part of modern man's environment. There is our fascination with calligraphy and the ideogram. There is the idea common to most modern artists that painting is a kind of *script* which signifies experience, so it's natural that this script should embrace conventional alphabets and notations. There is the value which these conventional signs can have as a means of communication in styles which exclude the clear representation of things. There is the possibility that letters and figures, having a fairly constant form and being immediately identifiable, can play the sort of role that the orders of classical architecture played in the painting of the past. But above all, perhaps, there is the interest which a language rich in ambiguous implications has for artists given to meditating in their art upon the nature of their art: the use of conventional signs is a variation upon the modern practice of painting pictures within pictures.

Melville's exhibition takes up the story at the point where the Cubists introduced words or parts of words into their still lifes. And his theme gives him a pretext for including works by Picasso, Klee, Kandinsky, Schwitters, Chirico, Ernst, Mirò, Dubuffet, several leading post-war European abstractionists, and almost every important American between Tobey and Jasper Johns. And if relevant works had been available he could have added Matisse, Braque, Léger, Gris, Boccioni, Duchamp, Stuart Davis and Mondrian (the absence of one of whose 'plus-and-minus' pictures is the biggest lacuna). He has found, that is to say, a theme around which to build an exhibition which could include works by most of the leading painters of the century without becoming a miscellany.

It's a very rich vein of inquiry into modern art that Melville has struck, and one hopes that the ground will be mined by someone with more gallery space and greater financial resources than the ICA can offer. Meanwhile we have been given a delightful anthology as well as a rich theme: there are several works from American collections, and the hanging, higgledy-piggledy in two or three tiers, is masterly. Lawrence Alloway has complained that Melville 'has simply gathered together a lot of small pictures . . . and stood back while the pictures touch, at random, his theme. This failure to programme the exhibition sufficiently is a pity'. Personally I am relieved that the exhibition is so lightly programmed. It is a wonderfully refreshing change from our present glut of exhibitions got up by scribes who won't understand that you can't treat living art as if it were the art of the past, and behave as if they were tailors trying to measure a man for a suit or maybe a shroud while he's on the move.

A Man's World

W. JOHN MORGAN

Within the metropolitan area there are displays of the masters' art at every turn. The International Film Theatre is showing the Pagnol Marseilles trilogy before they cross the Atlantic to be re-made. (Why isn't it the custom for novelists to offer explicit re-writes of *War and Peace* and *Le Rouge et le Noir*?) At the National Film Theatre over the next three weeks the work of Jean-Pierre Melville is being presented, the season having begun last week-end with *Le Silence de la Mer* and continuing with *Les Enfants Terribles, Quand Tu Liras Cette Lettre, Bob le Flambeur* and *Deux Hommes à Manhattan*. It is no wonder that *Le Silence*, made in 1949, should be regarded as inspiring *la nouvelle vague*. It would inspire anyone to want to make pictures. The lyricism and simplicity of image and commentary – this last the moving prose of the Vercors novel – are still a revelation.

The German officer, a good man and a musician, is billeted on an old Frenchman and his niece. He is in love with France and believes that out of the German victory will come a new spirit in Europe. His unwilling hosts will not speak to him. Dialogue is the old man's interior monologue and the German's passionate declarations: like the camerawork within the dark room, to which the action is largely confined, it is apparently without artifice, and totally compelling. The German visits Paris, becomes acquainted with his compatriots' evil, and the dream dies.

Of course, it is impossible now to accept the view of France taken in the novel, but *Le Silence* remains a minor masterpiece.

For the nation outside London the report from that dark, tomb-like frontier where the critic sits cold-eyed before lunch is less encouraging. With *Never on Sunday* (London Pavilion) and *Butterfield 8* (Warners, Leicester Square) we look out on a world of fantasy scarcely graced by art, although Miss Melina Mercouri in the one case and Miss Elizabeth Taylor in the other are certainly pretty good substitutes. Miss Mercouri (Ilya) we first see sprinting along a quay at the Piraeus shedding her clothes as she runs until she leaps into the sea, in bikini, at which the sports working in the shipyard around, fired by her example, leap in after her. From this hearty, faintly self-regarding start the film recovers. Ilya is a tart who chooses her customers and never works on Sunday. She is happy until an American, Homer Thrace (Jules Dassin, who also writes and directs) comes along and wishes to improve her by introducing the simple soul to the life cultural. The satirical intent, one trusts, is not to be taken seriously. Miss Mercouri is splendid throughout, while the film rises above an amiable level with the dazzling sequence in which the girl from the ancient culture interprets Greek tragedy for the simpleton from the new. The music will be familiar to all in touch with pop.

Miss Taylor (Gloria Wondrous) we first see waking and dressing, except that the rich young Liggett (Laurence Harvey) in whose exotic penthouse she awakes, tore her dress the gin-lit night before. She searches for a cigarette while wrapped in a towel, finds a small cigar. She pours a Scotch while in her slip; brushes her teeth with the stuff – which is new to me. She leaves in Liggett's wife's mink. Gloria, like Ilya, is not to be bought: 'I can have more fun in the back seat of a '39 Ford than in the vault of the Chase National Bank.' (The dialogue veers off from that level in the direction of the lewd on the one side and the ludicrous on the other.) The film concerns the flowering of love between the two bruised young spirits, in a climate of scarlet sports car, yachts, gorgeous night clubs and changes of elegant costume.

No good, as one might guess, can come of it even with an X certificate. The nonsense is acted out with spirit, and unreality lent the customary polish. *Never on Sunday* is much the healthier piece of tart-mythology. I did wonder, though, what all those shipyard workers' wives were doing while the laughing boys were sporting it at Ilya's and generally behaving like boy scouts around a troop-leader. Liggett's wife may have been unreasonably forbearing, but at least she was around. It's a man's world down at the dream-factory.

Peter Grimes, at Covent Garden

This November is Britten month, with *Billy Budd* and the Spring Symphony broadcast by the BBC, the *Cantata Academica* shortly to be given its first English performance, and *Peter Grimes* revived at Covent Garden. Not a bar too much. *Peter Grimes*, so memorably a part of our immediate post-war experience (and not only ours, remembering that fine essay of Edmund Wilson's) is ageless. Surpassed by *Billy Budd* as every 'early' work of a growing master is fated to be surpassed, it yet retains every atom of its force and beauty. At each hearing one is amazed anew at its instinct and its science. From that first, incredibly distancing, dominant seventh on D, to the final return of the same chord at the close of the opera – the two events frame the score as the

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diminished seventh 'frames' *Don Giovanni* – one is held close to the heart of things. The first stab of a tear, when the D bass of Ellen's 'Let her among you without fault' moves a world away, up to A flat, comes without shame; we are acquitted by the music's intransigent purity. The revived production is crowned once again by the superb, inspired, Peter Pears, and finds a talented new conductor in Meredith Davies. He manages many things admirably: the opening of the Storm Interlude (by no means easy) was as fine as I have ever heard it. At times he is let down by untidy orchestral playing – wild woodwind at the start of the Sunday Morning interlude, uncertain cello in Grimes's 'We strained into the wind.' A few things don't work at all. The marvellously fateful capstan music of Balstrode and Keene in the first act *sounded* too fast, not because it was actually and metronomically too fast, but because the tug of the accompaniment was not adequately phrased and characterised.

The production is still serviceable, though there is too much mug-waving and amateur conducting on stage in the 'Boar' scene, and the right-hand side of the outdoor scene seems to suggest a straight muddy brown cliff instead of the full curve of drying nets. Claire Watson is an attractive if still somewhat nervous Ellen Orford, and the mishaps of intonation in the first unaccompanied duet were forgivable in the circumstances. However there is one item in the present casting of *Peter Grimes* which does not arouse feelings of forgiveness. The role of Auntie hardly calls for a preposterous burlesque, quite apart from the fact that it happens to be involved in some beautiful music. One would not have guessed that at Covent Garden last week. With an Auntie of this kind, the female trio-quartet in Act 2 was scarcely endurable. *Tante pis.*

D.D.

Correspondence

THE POLARIS DEBATE

SIR, – 'Mr Buchan's letter,' you say, 'is such a bewildering medley of political opinions, technical assertions and abuse that we will confine ourselves to the factual points he raises.' I expressed no political opinions, and made no technical assertions (though attempting to point out some operational objections to your argument) in my letter of last week. To accuse a critic of abuse is often the refuge of a man in a tight corner, so let us by all means deal with the factual questions at issue.

You continue to assert that the Holy Loch base is 'a prime target'. I can no more disprove this than you can prove it since neither of us has access to the Soviet targetting plan. But to continue to believe it, you have to credit the Russians with the intention of launching a 'bolt from the blue' surprise attack on the West without any warning or provocation. If such an attack were preceded by even a short period of tension, the Polaris submarines it serves would be far out at sea, or under it. With something like 500 different points of retaliation throughout the western alliances to deal with simultaneously, I find it hard, though you may not, to conceive of a Soviet commander wasting an expensive missile or bomb on one empty depot ship.

You stick to your assertion that first operational types of the Polaris missile are primitive (a rather curious euphemism for 'inaccurate' in weapons that cost over $1 m. each) and attempt to reinforce your argument by pointing out, quite correctly, that those operational now have a shorter range than the later types. But range, in this case, is not concerned with accuracy but with the problems of fabricating a missile casing strong enough to withstand the higher pressures. You apparently know for a fact that a Polaris A1 is 'far less accurate than the Atlas or Titan ICBMs, which themselves are inferior in this respect to some Soviet ICBMs'. Atlas accuracies were announced last January as down to a CEP (circular error of probability) of two miles at 5,500 miles which is as good as the Russians can claim, and there is only one operational type of Soviet ICBM. The submarine's inertial navigation system employs three separate computers and is re-aligned every seven hours so that the navigational accuracy of both boat and missile is unaffected by the length of time at sea.

On the question of communications and detectability, the United States is, as you point out, developing low-frequency radio which will be able to reach a Polaris submarine at a depth of 100 feet, that is below the thermal layer which acts as a reflector to surface detection methods. But the essential point about the Polaris submarine is not only that it can operate at great depths and at quite slow speeds which reduce the efficacy of sonic detection methods, but that it is not tied to narrow waters or trade routes as hunter-killer submarines must be.

You are quite right to point out that a great deal of energy and money is going into anti-submarine measures – and has been for the last ten years although work on long-range underwater sonic detection has met a stumbling block in the difficulty of distinguishing the noise of a submarine from that of other underwater noises. As *The Times* has pointed out this week, there have been great advances in surface radar detection techniques, but none of these can meet the problem that, for the reasons given above, the Polaris submarine presents to the searcher no datum line on which to begin his search. Thus to say that if a Polaris has to surface to maintain contact during 'periods' (do you envisage many?) of war or high tension 'their vulnerability will be total' is absurd if you reflect that they have the whole of the northern Pacific, Atlantic, and Arctic oceans at their disposal. Moreover the problem of tracking a nuclear submarine is very difficult. If the Soviet navy achieves some unforeseen break-through in detection and tracking methods after it has acquired nuclear submarines, Polaris may have had its day; but to assert that it cannot today reconcile a high degree of invulnerability with dependability of communication is to confuse the present situation with a hypothetical future one.

Without wishing to overload your limited space, may I make one last effort to demonstrate why, whatever your suspicions of American intentions, there can be no logical or strategic connection between proposals for situating land- or sea-based missiles in Europe and a desire to decrease the vulnerability of the continental United States.

(a) There is in the United States a force of some 500 B52 intercontinental bombers, each capable of carrying two thermonuclear bombs in the multi-megaton range, and some 14 ICBM bases in the course of construction, whose 200 odd missiles will have warheads in the same order of magnitude, not to mention later generations of both bombers and missiles under development. There is considerable controversy as to how vulnerable these are, but since they are the weapons which could bring civilized life to a close in the Soviet Union, it is these which must be the prime targets of all the long range striking power which the Soviet Union could muster. Only if these were mothballed, destroyed or moved to Europe, could your argument that the Americans are trying 'to increase the nuclear "load" which we will have to carry' stand up. The fact that there might be vital targets elsewhere could not, from a Soviet point of view, diminish the vitality of these American targets.

(b) But what in fact is proposed is not an increase in the number of medium-range nuclear weapons in Europe for use against interdiction targets, but the modernisation of those that exist. There is no question of 'nuclearising Nato'. There are at present 250 American fighter bombers in Europe with a nuclear capability, and about 50 RAF equivalents. The proposal is to replace these, as they wear out and as the Soviet IRBM threat makes their bases more vulnerable, with 300 medium-range missiles (not necessarily Polaris) with warheads in the kiloton range. The Soviet military threat in eastern Europe is becoming so diversified that it would be pointless to use Nato weapons on Moscow as you suggest, for Nato would need all it could lay

its hands on for interdiction work much closer at hand.

ALASTAIR BUCHAN
The Institute for Strategic Studies

[Last week Mr Buchan accused us of 'inventing' facts, an expression which can scarcely be described as courteous; this week he is obliged to admit that our facts were substantially accurate, and it turns out, predictably, that his disagreement with our leading article is largely a matter of opinion. He still, however, appears to us to labour under three errors. (1) Under present operational plans of the US Navy, one or more Polaris submarines will be in the Holy Loch base at any one time – thus giving the base high target priority. (2) The 'diminishing accuracy' problem of the Polaris submarine springs not from the need to re-align the missiles, but from a basic difficulty in maintaining the inertial guidance system: certain maintenance drills cannot be carried out at sea. (3) In discussing detectability, Mr Buchan ignores the vital factor of numbers. One of the reasons Mr Sandys rejected the Polaris submarine was that, being expensive, we could only afford to build a few of them, thus making a high concentration of anti-submarine forces possible. As the number of Polaris submarines increases, so will their vulnerability to improved detection techniques. – Ed., *NS.*]

THE APPEAL FOR UNITY

SIR, – In casting aside the authority of the Labour Conference and flagrantly defying its decisions, the parliamentary leadership has deliberately provoked a crisis in the Labour Party. While every Labour Party member and MP must be free to express his own opinion and to try to change party policy by constitutional means, no one has the right to usurp the party's machinery in order to overthrow its constitution and policy.

We therefore call upon all members of the Labour Party to endorse the following appeal for unity in support of conference decisions:

We, the undersigned members of the Labour Party, declare that unity in the party can only be achieved through the wholehearted acceptance of the authority of the party conference by all sections of the movement, including the parliamentary party, and the implementation of conference decisions by the National Executive Committee and the party's standing machinery and paid officers.

We believe that unless the authority of conference is maintained in this way, the prospects before the movement is one in which party policy will be arbitrarily determined by the parliamentary leadership.

We refuse to allow the party conference, and affiliated trade unions and constituency parties, to be reduced to the impotent position of debating resolutions without deciding policy.

This appeal was originally sponsored not by any group or faction but by a number of long-standing members of the party, and was signed within three days by over 1,000 leading party workers. Printed copies may be obtained from the address below.

PHILIP ABRAMS
(Secretary, Cambridge CLP)
ROBERT DAVIES
(Parliamentary candidate, Cambridge, 1959)
RICHARD FLETCHER
(Cambridgeshire CLP)

The Close
Little Shelford, Cambs

JOMO KENYATTA

SIR, – May I ask your readers to give all possible support to the plea for the release of Jomo Kenyatta, now being made more and more insistently by the Kenya Africans of both political parties with the support of some of the Asians. He completed his seven years imprisonment for managing Mau Mau and was

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Yours faithfully,

CLEMENT DAVIES,
JOHN BIGGS-DAVISON,
ARTHUR HENDERSON.

London, W.5.

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LONGMANS

'released' in April 1959, but has ever since been restricted to living in the remote area of Lodwar.

He has a radio and newspapers, but can have no visitors without the permission of the District Commissioner. To those who believe in British justice there is something repugnant that a man who has completed his sentence should be doomed to exile in his own country.

Europeans have said that Kenyatta was a Communist, that he retarded progress, and that he allowed his followers to regard him idolatrously. The Kenya government say he is still a security risk, and that during the Emergency they promised the loyalists that he would never again be allowed to live among them. Whatever one thinks of these statements there is no doubt that he is a highly controversial figure.

From my own experience when working in the Mau Mau detention camps and prisons, I know the tremendous hold that Kenyatta had over the Kikuyu. It was not easy to get enough wardens because of African sympathy with the aims of Mau Mau, and warders were often in trouble for bringing in contraband to prisoners. (There were of course exceptions as at Hola and Manyani.) Prisoners and detainees threw morsels of food over their shoulders at meal times, signifying that symbolically they were feeding and sustaining Kenyatta. When they knew I was to visit the loyalists' villages, prisoners said to me: 'Tell them not to forget us for one day we hope to return.' In each village I gave this message and always the Kikuyu said solemnly: 'Tell them we will not forget, we will pray for them.' Even some of those loyalists who were martyred by Mau Mau did not hold it against them. It was a striking result of their Christian teaching that even while being literally hacked to pieces, those Kikuyu martyrs prayed for their enemies.

The elections take place early in 1961. Undoubtedly there will be an African majority in the government which will insist on having Kenyatta for the first African premier. In fact both political parties have recently stated that there is no question of their choosing any other leader: not only do they regard him as their national hero but in some symbolic way they feel that his freedom is bound up with their own.

The political reasons for releasing Kenyatta appear to be overwhelming. It seems stupid to train Africans in democracy and then to deny them the leader of their choice. It may well be that during his imprisonment, and with his increased age, he has lost his power of leadership. If this should be so there are democratic ways of supplanting him. There is no way of 'diminishing' him while he is still kept in exile.

EILEEN FLETCHER

Guildford

POLES AND GERMANS

SIR, – Without wishing to join in the inevitable controversy over current German and Polish attitudes, I may perhaps question the accuracy of Mr Mander's history, particularly his statement that in their occupation of the former German state territories to the east the Poles 'took a terrible revenge on the German population . . . something like a million, innocent and guilty together, were slaughtered or permitted to freeze or starve to death'.

It happens that because of wild statements on the German civilian losses during the expulsions from these territories, the German Federal Statistical Office was asked to carry out as careful an investigation as the chaotic state of the records from the period at the end of the war allowed. The statisticians finally concluded that the total of persons from these territories missing and presumably dead was probably 1.2 millions, a figure which at first seems to confirm Mr Mander's claims. However, a number of important qualifications have to be made. As the German statisticians themselves state, this total must include civilian losses caused, not in the Polish expulsions, but during the course of the actual fighting which swept across this area. These losses cannot be calculated, but must have been high.

Secondly, the total includes those who were 'permitted to freeze or starve to death', not by the Poles during the expulsions but by the German civil authorities, who during the latter stages of the war appeared to have been so afraid of being shot for defeatism that they failed to organize civilian evacuation until the Red Army was on their doorsteps. The panic evacuation of Breslau in the winter months of January-February 1945 is a particularly grim example. Other missing persons from these territories must have fallen in the allied bombing of Dresden. To be quite fair, finally, a small proportion of the losses relates to Russian-occupied East Prussia, not to the Polish seizures, while Russian labour deportations must have taken some toll also from the Polish areas.

Polish brutalities certainly took place, but not all the undoubted sufferings of the German refugees can be blamed on the Poles. The official German figure of losses is not likely to be biased in favour of Poland: nevertheless, when the various qualifications have been made, there does not seem to be room for anything like Mr Mander's million victims.

T. H. ELKINS

34 The Keep
SE3

SIR, – It seems strange that Mr Mander, writing about the hatred of Poles for Germans, and about Auschwitz, has simply ignored the most important fact about the death camp; namely, that two and a half million of those killed there were Jews (according to figures submitted to the International Military Tribunal), that many thousands more were other non-Polish elements. Further, the Poles cannot be expected to feel any great anger at this destruction of the Jews, since they themselves were violently anti-Semitic before, during, and even after the war; witness the Kielce Pogrom in July 1946 which caused the majority of the 40,000 Jews left in Poland after the war to emigrate to Israel, and another 40,000 (made up of those Polish Jews who had come back from Russia) to emigrate in 1956 and 1957. The point of it all is that the Poles may have good reason for hating the Germans, but Auschwitz was not so much of an example of Polish suffering as of the suffering of a people whom both the Poles and Germans hated equally.

If I may be permitted one general remark as a postscript, I should like to express the thought that it is genuinely appalling that writers like Mr Mander could possibly write about Auschwitz and the like and not once mention the fact that it was for the Jews that most of these places came into existence in the first place, and it was on the Jewish people that most of the dirty work was done. Does the world forget so easily?

WALTER J. ZANGER

147 East 91 Street
New York 28

LADY CHATTERLEY'S TRIUMPH

SIR, – Your correspondent, Canon Alfred Jowett, assures us that 'parish clergymen everywhere' have been doing their best to spread 'a new and more wholesome morality of sex.' That may be so. But over against this struggle of individual clergymen is the fact that St. Paul's anti-feminine, anti-body and anti-sex teachings go unrefuted, that desire itself is stigmatized as wickedness in the Articles of Religion (still officially there, however much glossed over) and that the old ideas are constantly kept alive in words and phrases endlessly repeated in church services.

Hence what emerges is a kind of double-talk about sex, the body and desire which falls far short of the positive, joyous, guilt-free, but responsible attitude we need today.

JAMES HEMMING

31 Broom Water
Teddington

THE KIBBUTZ GIRL

SIR, – I wish to comment, if rather belatedly, on the article 'The Kibbutz Girl' by G. Tindall.

I am myself a Sabra girl, aged 24, and for six years a Kibbutz member. It is because of the respect and even affection with which I regard your journal that I've been greatly annoyed by this flippant article. With its cosy, old-fashioned assumptions about woman's 'nature' and 'role in society', it would have been, I think, much more suitable for a popular women's magazine.

The kibbutz is a unique and relatively new way of life. It seems usually to evoke in strangers either undiscriminating admiration or an instinctive dislike. Miss Tindall, despite her attempts at objectivity, seems to belong to the second category. She doesn't say how many kibbutzim she visited, or for how long. Her impressions and surmises are either quite wrong or such as would apply to very few kibbutzim.

But the point is, are your readers really so interested in the sexual attractiveness, or its reverse, of kibbutz girls? As Socialists, wouldn't they much rather know how people are induced to work without individual wages or rewards? How the kibbutz is managed and by whom? And how it interacts with the outside world?

R. HAAS

Kibbutz Sa'ar, Israel

SWAZILAND ORANGES

SIR, – Several days ago I refused to buy South African oranges and was offered some marked 'Swaziland'. I later checked with the Commonwealth Relations Office as to the origin of such fruit. I received a reply to the effect that the Board of Trade have no record of a recent import of oranges from Swaziland. Further, the South African Co-operative Citrus Exchange report that none of the small number of oranges coming from Swaziland are marked as such. It seems that the origin of these importations is being deliberately confused probably in order to avoid the boycott. I consider it would be helpful to any of your readers who support the boycott to be aware of the attempted evasion.

D. L. BARRON

62 Southwood Lane, N6

OXFORD PLANNING

SIR, – The imminence of the Oxford roads enquiry, which opens next Thursday, has prompted moves to substitute the hitherto fruitless argument on this subject by an attempt to find common agreement on the aims which any road plan for Oxford should serve. Peter Chamberlain, of Chamberlain, Powell and Bonn, architect of the present Barbican plan and of the Leeds University Precinct Plan, Graeme Shankland, one of the architects of the South Bank, and Malcolm MacEwen, author of *Motropolis*, are to address a public meeting in the Union Debating Hall on Wednesday 30 December on the general issues, and in particular on the advantages of precinct planning for both university and commercial areas. Encouraging support has already been found among heads of colleges and from the city of Oxford, and it is to be hoped that all who wish for an Oxford served by rather than sacrificed to its road system will attend.

PAUL THOMPSON
THOMAS PAKENHAM

8 D'Arblay St, W1

THIS WEEK

SIR, – The Chester Bowles interview you refer to in your column headed 'Cold War', in the 19 November issue of the NEW STATESMAN, was broadcast not by BBC Television, as stated, but by Associated-Rediffusion's *This Week*.

ELKAN ALLAN

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POSTSCRIPT

EUSTACE CHESSER

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APPEAL for UNITY
IN SUPPORT OF CONFERENCE DECISIONS
KEEP SOCIALISM DEMOCRATIC

We, the undersigned members of the Labour Party, declare that unity in the Party can only be achieved through wholehearted acceptance of the authority of the Party Conferences by all sections of the movement, including the Parliamentary Labour Party, and the implementation of Conference decisions by the National Executive Committee and the Party's standing machinery and paid officers.

We believe that unless the authority of Conference is maintained in this way, the prospect before the movement is one in which Party policy will be arbitrarily determined by the Parliamentary leadership.

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CHRISTMAS BOOKS – I

The Art of Translation

NORMAN DENNY

The reasons for calling it an art will, I hope, emerge. I shall start by quoting one of the *Maximes* of La Rochefoucauld: *'La souveraine habileté consiste à bien connaître le prix des choses.'* If he had written *mots* instead of *choses* La Rochefoucauld would have supplied an apt motto for translators, not only commercial (translations are generally paid for at so much a thousand words) but aesthetic and semantic as well, if price is understood to mean value. But that is by the way. The aphorism affords an admirable exercise in translation. Its 11 meticulously chosen words are capable of perhaps a dozen different English renderings, not one of which will be wholly wrong. It goes without saying that not one of them will be unquestionably right.

There is *souveraine*, to start with. The adjective has lost a lot of its meaning in English. We may still talk about a 'sovereign remedy', but we don't think much about the divinity of kings. In any case, what extremity of good or evil is implied by La Rochefoucauld's cool *habileté*, and what English word shall we use for that? Then – *à bien connaître*. Is that *bien* to be regarded as a deliberate stress or may we dismiss it as a stylistic redundancy, since the sentence could scarcely have been written in French without it? And why did La Rochefoucauld prefer *connaître* to *savoir* or for that matter *reconnaître?* Lastly, are we to take him at his word and talk about 'the price of things'?

Still other considerations arise if one cares to look for them, but the working translator, who cannot afford to spend too much time on second thoughts, will be likely to brush the quibbling aside and settle baldly for the substance. For example, 'The supreme talent is a clear perception of values.' That is roughly it, but think how much it leaves out! It leaves out the suavity and elegance, the ring of period, the undertone of irony – to a great extent it leaves out La Rochefoucauld. In a word, it leaves out the 'climate', and that is what will nag at the translator if he stops to look back. This matter of climate besets the literary translator at every turn, whether he is dealing with a contemporary text or one 300 years old.

It may be a truism to say that a language is a world, but that is what a language is: rooted in the past but living in the present, blown by every wind and mood and mode, as unstable as the society it serves, reflects and influences in incalculable ways. The late Eric Sutton, one of the best translators of his day, once said to me, 'I like the French to show through.' He was right, of course. Any translation which does not convey something of the climate of that other world is certainly deficient and may well be grossly misleading. But although the principle is clear the practice is another matter. The thing that 'shows through' can only be something extraneous, a foreign element not intended by the original author, writing French for the French. The translator may in practice be tempted to use a slightly artificial language, not quite easy or fluent English, and thus embark upon the road which leads to 'translatorese', that gruesome hybrid that belongs to no world at all.

And still the principle remains. Not long ago I re-read *The Idiot* in David Magarshack's admirable translation, which technically is certainly superior to Constance Garnett's earlier version. But I could not forget Mrs Garnett. She had great trouble with her Russian and perhaps even more with her English; her dialogue was sometimes terrible. Yet there was virtue in her very shortcomings. Her head may sometimes have been baffled but her heart was not. An untidy warmth comes off her pages, a human exuberance which I can believe to be truly Russian – the climate, in short.

Dictionaries are of very limited use to the translator, and mainly, I think, as a repository for the specialised words that no one wants to carry round in his head. In the nature of things an inter-language dictionary must be more concerned with synonyms than with the ramifications of meaning, and it is bound to be behind the times with common speech. No dictionary is likely to help you with the following, which I came across in a recently published French novel – *striptise, chiqué, defeulecote, outlaves* (the first supplies the clue: they are all English words). You can only get to know about this sort of thing by reading current French or talking it in France. The translator, in short, has to create his own equipment, a profoundly sympathetic understanding of the language he translates, a particularly resourceful command of his own, and a sharp ear for both. And however well-equipped he may be, he will still be reduced time and again to a watery more-or-less. For example (two disreputable characters in a Paris bistro are gravely and with extreme courtesy discussing a pop-singer): *'Je me permets de t'observer un léger detail. Moi je te cause organe et sentiment de la chose et toitu me réponds argent.'* In French it is charming and funny, but how is one to catch the flavour in English? What I am sure of is that you cannot render Paris colloquialism, still less argot, in cockney slang, although the attempt has often been made. To do so is simply to substitute one world for another, and it may be a very uncouth substitution, like Henley's 'Booze and the blowens cop the lot' for Villon's *'Tout va aux tavernes et aux filles'*.

Punning and word-play is something that crops up much more often than we are apt to notice, reading our own language. The translator knows. *Le mur murant Paris rend Paris murmurant.* There is nothing on earth to be done in English with that ancient pun. Faced by Rabelais' inexhaustible foolery with words, Urquhart supplemented his own huge virtuosity with copious footnotes, but the present-day translator is denied that assistance. If he cannot skip the pun altogether he must invent an equivalent, and any elucidation must be cunningly inserted in his text.

There is the whole matter of the weight and impact of words, which so troubles the translators of diplomatic utterances and has indeed given rise to diplomatic incidents. For literary purposes it can be summed up in the question of what shocks. Different races are shocked by different things, and clearly the English translator is falsifying his author if, by faithfully translating him, he administers a shock to the English reader which was not intended in French. The French got over their four-letter-word crisis some time ago, simply by deciding that what mattered was the purpose of the word, not the word itself. It was largely a literary decision, not one of manners: there are plenty of French circles where one would not dream of using that sort of word in ordinary conversation, although no one is troubled by the sight of them in print. What shocks the French about the English is our ability, as they see it, to swallow anything provided it is suitably wrapped up.

I have talked in terms of French translation because it is the language we all know. With German all the problems are heightened. The French language, owing to our common cultural heritage, does not quarrel violently with our own. The climate, with all its disconcerting differences, is not finally alien. German is different. Generally speaking, the English version of a French text will be about the same length. With a German text, despite the portmanteau words, it is likely to be shorter and possibly much shorter, simply because to translate German as it is written is often to produce something that is, by present-day English standards, almost unreadable.

I am not thinking merely of the mechanics of language, but far more of the way German writers go about their business, the whole approach, the literary conventions to which in a large measure they still subscribe, which tend to be so much at variance with English (or French) literary canons. For example, La Rochefoucauld's *maxime* might come out in German something like this (I am not suggesting that it cannot be done better): *'Die allerüberwiegendste Klugheit besteht nämlich darin, dass man die Fähigkeit besitzt, den Wert der Dinge gründlich und genau zu schätzen.'* Twenty words, and longer ones, for the French 11 but that is German *Ausführlichkeit* – thoroughness, comprehensiveness (they would prefer to say all-comprehensiveness) – the guiding principle of ramming everything home and

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leaving nothing unsaid. After which, as likely as not, they repeat it.

In a German novel which I translated not very long ago there was one sentence of supposedly realistic dialogue 27 lines long without a full stop; there was a descriptive paragraph containing six consecutive sentences beginning with the words, 'It was the hour when . . .'; there were countless passages of rhetoric and declamation reminiscent of the more regrettable parts of *Dombey and Son*. But this was not a mid-nineteenth-century novel. It was the work of a comparatively youthful, talented, highly intelligent and very educated author who was writing, with a lot to say, about strictly contemporary themes in no sense peculiarly German. No doubt that is an extreme case, but it illustrates a common tendency in German writing – a sort of mid-Victorian turgidness, ponderous, foggy, overloaded, over-embellished and endlessly repetitive (German writers have no inhibitions about repeating anything except proper names, which they sometimes go to extreme lengths to avoid doing). The German language in the hands of Rilke is an exquisite instrument; in the hands of Luther it rings like a hammer on an anvil; in the hands of too many of its practitioners old and new, or so it seems to me, it is a slough of verbiage, a baroque nightmare, often grotesque in its shapeless extravagance.

The vocabulary is a headache in itself. An instance occurred a few night ago in the first of the current series of Reith Lectures – Hegel's phrase, *unendliche Herumbildung*. Professor Wind made this 'infinite plasticity', and I can think of nothing better. What it literally means is something like 'infinite around-shaping'; but the word *Herumbildung* is not in Wildhagen's German-English Dictionary, although it devotes four of its densely-set columns to words with the prefix *herum*. It is an invented word. The Germans are forever inventing words of this sort. In their ceaseless attempts to say the unsayable, to say *everything*, they do indeed display an infinite plasticity.

They have so much to say, and they make it so hard for the rest of us to listen. The translator struggling to break down this barrier and catch the ear of English readers is often confronted by a curiously contradictory task, that of conveying the Germanism while at the same time eliminating as much of it as possible. He must prune and pare and simplify and elucidate, even to discovering meanings where the Germans themselves are far from certain.

But whatever he does, whatever language he translates from, the translator's work will always be his own, and different from that of any other translator. He is torn between claims that do not necessarily coincide – his duty to his author and his duty to the English publisher, who expects from him a text that will stand up in its own right and sustain criticism. Perhaps his highest if most melancholy triumph occurs when, as often happens, a reviewer praises the 'style' of the work without mentioning, let alone the translator's name, even the fact that it is a translation.

The Web of Ambiguity

Jackson Pollock. By BRYAN ROBERTSON. *Thames & Hudson. 5 gns.*

There was a newspaper headline blazoned during the North African Campaign, which read: British Push Bottles Up 5,000 Germans. This was presumably intended to describe a military advance, but it is ambiguous. Those who read it as the straightforward statement it was intended to be might, faced with a painting by Jackson Pollock, see nothing but an area of marbled paint indistinguishable from an enormous piece of joyous linoleum. They would be wrong because they would have failed to recognise ambiguities of a complex kind, but what art lovers tend to overlook is that there is an ambiguous process which might be called moving backwards into the banal or full circle into the wallpaper. Ambiguity, after all, works both ways, into the complex and out again into the obvious. It is part of the price of avoiding or rejecting the image.

A picture in which imagery has been rejected is patient of various different responses. The spectator can accept a state of flux and fling himself into it, with his sensibilities a-quiver, to share with the artist a situation in which neither party knows precisely what is going on. Or he can construct his own frame of reference by association of ideas, 'reading' a picture like Pollock's *Blue Poles* as a range of trees or the masts of ships or as totem poles and finding fragments of his own previous experience swimming about in the ebb and flow. Alternatively he can accept the picture as a *thing*, a prize, an object of value like a jewel. If he is an adept he can do all these things at once and a rare aesthetic pleasure doubtless results which rests largely in *terra incognita* and in ambiguities which may be savoured the more because the spectator is himself largely responsible for them.

Ambiguity is a peculiarly acceptable stimulus in the twentieth century and this is not surprising in a period when philosophy, the sciences and poetry have all in various ways become obsessed with it. Since Cubism, when fragmentation of the object created an imagery in which bottles and guitars existed as multiple images of bottles and guitar-bottles and bottled guitars, painting has moved inevitably through surrealist fragmentation of commonplace attitudes into an area where the linoleum and the cosmos tend to merge.

Bryan Robertson recognises this state of affairs even if he is in no position to resolve it, and he writes persuasively on the condition of the artist and in particular the American artist and his difficulties. It would be hard to find a more cogently argued thesis or a more passionate avowal of belief in an artist than in this book on Pollock (and the book itself is handsomely produced and splendidly illustrated). But I cannot really share in this celebration of a triumph because I remain obstinately involved with imagery of a less ambiguous kind and so, I believe, was Pollock. I believe that paradoxically Pollock's enormous influence and fame stem directly from the fact that the image eluded him, so that in the phase of his work upon which his great reputation rests, he was in fact avoiding an intolerable issue. His agonised efforts periodically to come to grips with it are the more poignant because the lovely curtain of colour, which his superbly arrogant gestures spread upon canvas after canvas,

increasingly tended, as it became more obsessional, to enwrap the image like a cocoon and bundle it from his sight.

The *Blue Poles* can also be 'read' as the bars of a prison, cruelly tangible things although already they are beginning to vanish into the clouds, so that Pollock was torn between a need to sink himself in this haze and the desire to tear away the gorgeous tissue which was suffocating his vision. Pollock's talent was tremendous, so was his courage and so ultimately was his honesty. He had magnificent control over the painting method he employed and the force and elegance of his long baroque gestures, the length and speed of which measure his passion in time as well as in intensity, have been imitated on every side. But where is the image? Robertson writes that his work moved through a sequence in which at a central stage he rejected the image. I doubt this. I think the image escaped him and being an honest and courageous man, well aware of his real function as an image maker, he could not leave it beyond his reach and perpetually struggled towards it, only to lose it in the web of gestures. It seems to me that the famous Black and White Paintings of 1951-52 underline this tendency, and because Pollock was not an aesthete and not a decorator, this is tragic. He was deeply aware of the potency of those rituals by which the artist strives to make his votive offering. At intervals throughout his working life, Pollock fought his way back to the image. Figuration reasserted itself but to a tragically inadequate extent. Human and animal forms, owing their style largely to Picasso and Miro, emerge from the flux of flickering paint, sometimes cut out of it with a knife, sometimes animated by a fierce bravura handling, and they stand twitching in the mist in their old stylistic clothes – but their gestures have none of the life of the gestures that made them, and I have a strong feeling that Pollock knew it and indirectly died of it.

It is a curious experience to stand in a gallery and watch a visitor pause to look at such huge and very beautiful canvases as *ONE 1950*. The glittering weave of paint takes on a different dimension, seeming to leap to embrace the human interloper as if the image it had lost could thus physically be reclaimed. When the visitor departs, the picture subsides as if to acknowledge that life lies outside it. The life once lay in Pollock's gestures, in his actions, in his participation, the products of which mark the canvas. It lay in his method, not in the resulting image.

Robertson suggests that the contemporary artist's concern is with *revelation* and not with *communication*, and it seems that Pollock himself was much given to talking about the Unconscious with all that this must imply of subjectivity and self-deception. It is reasonable to suppose therefore that, despite his great control of his medium, much that arrived on canvas of Pollock's perceptions and impulses were fragments not rationally co-ordinated, since rational co-ordination, like objectivity, is vital to communication but plays no great part in revelation. The trouble with mystical experiences is that they seldom survive raw on the world's plate. They are either shovelled into the dustbin of the asylum or preserved in a raised crust of reverence, or both – in that order. For my part I am suspicious of revelation, especially if it becomes conventional for artists to assume they are in day-to-day receipt of it and I do not believe the living artists I admire most make it their canon. On the

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other hand nothing is more ambiguous than revelation and ambiguity is the strongest card today in the pack from which success is dealt, so that the very ambiguity which is contained in what Robertson calls 'Pollock's victory in overcoming the image' and what I view as his defeat in failing to maintain it, contributed to Pollock's growing success in his latter years. As success grew, so did Pollock's *taedium vitae*.

The balletic battle he fought out when he was, as he described it, *in* his painting, he maintained was conducted without his being aware of what he was doing. Since then, a large number of painters have not been aware of what they were doing, which tends to enlarge the critic who can tell them what they have done. It is the measure of Pollock's achievement that one does not really believe he was not aware of what he was doing, whether the ultimate result was victory or defeat, and it is the measure of Bryan Robertson's achievement that at no time does his considered praise of Pollock fall into incoherence or descend into hyperbole. I doubt if a better book could be written on Pollock.

MICHAEL AYRTON

The Champ

Massacre in the Sun. By JACK DEMPSEY. *Heinemann*. 18*s*.

One of the peep shows on the Palace Pier at Brighton was, until very recently anyway, a film of the famous long count at Soldier's Field, Chicago, in 1927. It showed you everything in remarkably clear detail, from the moment in the seventh round when Tunney went down from Dempsey's left hook to the jaw until he was on his feet again, fully conscious and back-pedalling out of danger with his strong, sedulously trained legs.

The impression you get is that, although Tunney stayed down until the last possible moment, taking every advantage he could of the unexpected rest provided by the referee ordering Dempsey to his corner and starting the count again, he was absolutely clear in the head. Dempsey, and the team of American sports journalists who have helped him write this rather brief autobiography in a toughish, short-sentence colloquialese, bears this out. He says Tunney has always told him he could have got up earlier and he believes him.

The question that fight fans always ask is just how good was Dempsey at his best? He was almost certainly not quite at his best during either fight with Tunney. And if you examine his record carefully you find it very difficult to get a line on his form. There were the early struggles when he rode the rods (his father was a poor labourer who settled in Utah; Dempsey has a good word to say for Mormon social-welfare customs) and was under-nourished. There was the crashing defeat of the freakishly gigantic Willard. There was the fantastic Firpo fight, when Dempsey was knocked out of the ring and had to be helped back by the sports writers. There were also some evasions. Tex Rickard made Dempsey draw the colour line and refuse to fight Harry Wills. Much earlier on, when still a youth Dempsey had refused to fight the great Sam Langford, realising he would be overmatched. Dempsey is quite frank about these things, just as he is frank about the fuss over his spending the first-world-war years in the States, and about his stormy first marriage.

Yet the impression remains that Dempsey at his peak was the finest heavyweight champion of this century. There is no doubt that he was one of the hardest punchers; he was always very fast; and his crouch and footwork gave him all the defence he needed. I doubt myself whether he, or anyone, could have beaten Jack Johnson when the great Negro was in his prime. This book, though quite lively and vivid and very easy to read, doesn't quite clear up one's doubts. Dempsey is not very explicit about his ringcraft. You get the feeling that like most natural fighters he was not particularly conscious of what he was doing in the ring, and that he fought instinctively rather than tactically.

There are the usual anecdotes and a nice, strong period flavour of the early Twenties, especially in Hollywood where Dempsey was starred in silent films – some of them, he says, so awful that they were never even shown. I like the story of Damon Runyon, who went with Dempsey on his first visit to England and Europe, trying to gatecrash Northcliffe's Dempsey lunch. Among characters there is the elusive Doc Kearns, Dempsey's first manager, whom he had to carry like a semi-permanent Proteus. And when Dempsey finally hung up his gloves and started a restaurant there were the drunks and maniacs who would rush in and clip him in the face, to boast they hit Dempsey in the puss. This is an old occupational hazard; some of the Regency pugilists were subject to it. There is a rather pleasant second-world-war story. Dempsey, who though over age this time saw some active service in the Pacific, had captured and subdued a Japanese prisoner. A US army photographer was just about to take a picture; then he lowered his camera and yelled: 'God Almighty no, Jack! That Jap you've caught is about 90 years old.'

MAURICE RICHARDSON

Social Inheritance

The Ethical Animal. By C. H. WADDINGTON. *Allen & Unwin*. 25*s*.

A baby, however dark the thoughts it may harbour, soon finds that a judicious blend of co-operation and intransigence serves it better than does selfishness alone. Parents, however well grounded in Hume, will always jump the gap between 'is' and 'ought,' and never more effectively than when scrupulously trying not to. These are firm foundations for the development of ethical beliefs in the individual, but are they sufficient to explain it? Are we, for example, genetically predisposed to produce or to accept ethical systems? If so, does the predisposition favour particular sets of beliefs, or merely provide a blank upon which society, through the parents, engraves its precepts by conditioning? Above all can we hope to find objective criteria by which to assess ethical propositions?

The questions are endless, and have been endlessly discussed. Biologists are involved, not solely on account of their superior virtue, but because Darwinism has been so successful in explaining the origins of apparently odd and irrational facets of nature, that it might well be expected to help with man. In Professor Waddington's hands our current, post-neo-Darwinian, understanding of the evolutionary process does indeed provide a most promising approach.

His thesis is not, however, a refurbished social Darwinism made presentable by caution, qualification, or obscurity. Although he does, of course, agree that changes have taken place in our biological inheritance since man first arose, these are, for him, of

secondary importance. Man, once launched, was no longer dependent upon the relatively slow and additive increase in his capacity to handle his environment permitted by change in the genetic structure of his species. Such genetic advance was at first supplemented, and then largely replaced, by a multiplicative expansion of the power represented by socially engendered and transmitted knowledge. The origin of this new system of inheritance is a problem in evolutionary biology, its functioning a problem in developmental neurology and psychology, its exploitation a matter for social anthropology.

Much of Waddington's book is devoted to establishing the operation and status of human social inheritance. Few biologists are better equipped to do this. He has for long combined work on developing animals with an exploration of the modes of action of selection on animal populations, and as a result calls upon a far more sophisticated conception of the evolutionary process than was available to us even a few years ago. This is partly of direct help in discussing the origin of man as a communicating, tool-making, social animal; and partly a source of stimulating analogies between the genetic and the cultural evolutionary systems.

The significance of social inheritance for the ethical pre-occupations of mankind is seen by Waddington as lying in the receptivity of the infant to the adult instruction through which it operates. This receptivity, he argues, is a faculty that is not at first exercised with discretion, the uncritical acceptance of authority being a normal phase of mental development. There follows the establishment within the individual of a teacher-taught dichotomy, from which, in turn, spring ethical emotions. Whether or not this part of his argument carries final conviction seems to me of less importance than the essential reasonableness of the whole. That proneness to ethical belief should be a necessary by-product of processes of social inheritance is, however, one thing. That this should provide a basis for the appraisal of particular ethical beliefs is another.

I doubt, in fact, that Waddington has established really new criteria for ethical systems. It may well be true, as he suggests, that ethical convictions can be dangerously strong as well as dangerously weak. If so then his views do, in principle, permit us to judge an ethical system in terms of the rigour of its demands upon the individual, and by its claims to immutability. But this is not at all the same as judging the worth of the guidance offered by the precepts it contains. To judge these by whether or not they will further the development of the human evolutionary system may be excellent good sense, but the judgment has no better logical status than, for example, 'do-as-you-would-be-done-by.' It is better informed, more intelligent, more coherent, but it is attractive for essentially the same reasons.

It is a great pity that Waddington's general position does not stand out more starkly. His book is personal in tone and discursive in style and while this brings us a number of very interesting asides, it robs the whole of the impact it should have. For the circle of those already engaged in thinking about evolution and ethics this may not matter. The newcomer will feel less confident that he has grasped the points being made. And this, I repeat, *is* a pity, for Waddington's views should become familiar to everyone interested in man.

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books that matter

Portraits – Then and Now

Fame. Edited by L. FRITZ GRUBER. *Focal Press.* 42*s.*

The selection exaggerates the superiority of the Victorian photographers; nevertheless it is true that their portraits, limited as they are, have never been bettered. There were not only dedicated amateurs such as D. O. Hill and Julia Margaret Cameron, but also good professionals – Nadar in Paris, Brady and his collaborators in America. Outstanding in this book are Cameron's blurred full face of Carlyle, Nadar's Liszt as a raddled old man, and Gardener's portrait of Lincoln four days before his death.

It is difficult at this distance to know why the famous of those days submitted to being shown as they were. I suspect that the limitations of the technique determined both the photography and the sitter's attitude. The photographers had to be straightforward, they had not then learnt how to impose themselves on their subjects, first by ornate props (around 1870) and later by manipulation of the negative and prints. About 1900 all serious photographers strove their utmost to imitate painters and engravers, and it is surprising that Steichen's early portraits can survive this. Much of the period after 1920 is now just as dated. Led by Man Ray and Moholy-Nagy, photographers were more direct in their methods; rather than imitate the surface textures of engraving, they played around with lighting, odd angles and effects such as solarisation. There are exceptions such as Man Ray's massive portrait of Picasso.

When the medium was primitive and photographs were much alike in style, the victim had to resign himself to a certain kind of representation. Today the sitter can choose an image from many available. Besides portrait studios there is the image for the fashion magazine – glossy, stylised and gimmicky; and this is now part of the machinery of creating personality. Steichen fell to this kind of commercialisation; only Avedon I think can at times rise above it. Then there is the image for the politician – dark and heavily overlit, a style created by Karsh. How superior is Salomon's Briand, and – though superficially similar – Chargesheimer's Adenauer. Finally there is the straight approach, brought back by Strand, a follower of Stieglitz, Weston and Cartier-Bresson: applied to portraiture, people are photographed in their accustomed surroundings, often very informally. It is the great error of this book that it has chosen to emphasise the studio approach.

A maddening book – of the 120 photographs a quarter are superb, another quarter absymal, most of the rest bad. An intriguing book for those who wish to see an image of the famous, but not necessarily a likeness, or for those who enjoy thinking up people they would have like represented. The men of genuine achievement do have remarkable faces, but it would certainly be possible to make a comparable collection of anonymous faces. A book such as this depends on snob appeal to make one pick it up, but the photographs need to have lasting value to make one buy.

ROGER MAYNE

In the Drink

A Book of French Wines. By P. MORTON SHAND. *Cape.* 30*s.*

The Wines of Bordeaux. By J. R. ROGER. *Deutsch.* 15*s.*

The Small Cellar. By L. B. ESCRITT. *Jenkins.* 21*s.*

The Home Wine Cellar. By RAYMOND POSTGATE. *Jenkins.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Standard books on wine need revision more frequently than standard books on almost any other subject except medicine, and many possessors of the late P. Morton Shand's *A Book of French Wines,* first published in 1928, have been hoping for a long time for a revised edition. When he died in the spring of this year Morton Shand had finished the job of bringing his very sound, comprehensive and readable book up to date, and it is a legacy for which we should be grateful. Among much that is new in the admirably produced new edition are 30 pages on changed tastes in wine: sections dealing with the Institut National des Appellations d'Origine des Vins et Eaux-de-Vie, which, since 1935, has transformed the French wine industry; and an Appendix detailing the Appellations Contrôlées in the various regions. A map or two would have been a good idea.

Professor J. R. Roger is a member of the Académie du Vin de France. His book seemed to me to be designed rather on the lines of an academic lecture for first-year students – honest factual instruction, laced with the luscious metaphor and altiloquent quotation, as this from Doctor Paul Ramain:

> To taste a great Burgundy is a pleasure tinged with heroism and eroticism, with religiousness and sensuality; but to savour a great Bordeaux is absolute pleasure, an anticipation of eternal bliss.

It's enough to drive you to *ouzo*!

Mr L. B. Escritt's *The Small Cellar* is a bit of a hotch-potch. The blurb describes it as 'a book for the wine enthusiast who keeps a small cellar for his own regular enjoyment and the delectation of his guests on special occasions.' The author rambles (with illustrations) from traditional cellars to improvised ones and their stocking, and to fairly standard stuff about tasting and drinking wine; a useful chapter on casks, bottles and glasses and then informative material about the different grapes, viticulture, fermentation, racking, fining, sulphiting, bottling, corking and the rest of it. The second third of the book deals with the wines of the world, and the last with beer, cider, spirits, liqueurs and mixed drinks. To Professor Roger, Margaux is 'a great wine of exceptional finesse; generous without being too heady, velvety, soft, elegant, with suave bouquet.' Mr Escritt spares us such fragrantly flavoured phrases – and he includes a good bibliography; but I can't help feeling that some small-cellar-men will wonder whether they might not have expended their guinea more profitably.

And so, last – and least in bulk and price – to Mr Raymond Postgate's *The Home Wine Cellar.* It is a much more difficult book to put down unfinished than its title might suggest. Perhaps it's because it only has 94 pocket size pages (including ten for cellar notes); perhaps it's because Mr Postgate writes better than the others or, at any rate, with a more infectious gusto.

With many of the Fifty-nines preening themselves as the wines of the century and even some of the Sixties a trifle cockier or less ashamed of themselves than they were, books about little cellars may be just what is wanted.

Did you know that yellow Chartreuse contains 120 distinct ingredients and green Chartreuse 230? I didn't get this information from any of the four books under review. I got it from *The Complete Wine Book* by Frank Schoonmaker and Tom Marvel, published in 1935 by George Routledge. It had a very congratulatory Foreword by P. Morton Shand.

DENYS KILHAM ROBERTS

In addition to half a dozen short stories, the third volume of *The Bodley Head Scott Fitzgerald* (20*s.*) contains *This Side of Paradise,* Fitzgerald's first novel and still, for all its obvious immaturities – perhaps because of them – essential reading for all interested in his work.

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Polish Baroque

Five Centuries of Polish Poetry, 1450-1950. Trans. JERZY PETERKIEWICZ and BURNS SINGER. *Secker & Warburg.* 21*s.*

Translation of poetry is not impossible, just very difficult. Unlike most assertions about poetry, this one can be verified. Let all who believe with Robert Graves that 'poetry is what gets left out in translation', take a look inside this book of versions from the Polish. Either poem after poem here is a wonderfully good translation, or else Burns Singer has surpassed himself as a poet on his own account and chosen perversely not to take the credit for it:

> Who tells tonight that last night has gone by?
> Nor deviates though daylights multiply?
> What mind hacks minutes from slow centuries
> And documents with clocks what no man sees?

Are these lines by Burns Singer? Or should they be credited to Bartlomiej Zimorowic, a bourgeois of Lvov who died about 1680? At one level, who cares? They are four memorably compact verses added to our language, and this doesn't happen every day; why look a gift horse in the mouth? But Jerzy Peterkiewicz will have something to say about that; and in fact one sees that the distinction of these lines even in isolation isn't a British nor a twentieth-century distinction, but something at once more naive and more sophisticated; more naive in their Slav expansiveness, openness, more sophisticated in their classicism. (They come from a collection called 'New Ruthenian Idylls', and Zimorowic has the classicist's seriousness about his genre.)

The complexity of this double allegiance – on the one hand to the Slav spaces and the Slav folk, on the other to the Mediterranean inheritance – doesn't appear in Russian poetry until Pushkin. But in Polish, from Kochanowski throughout the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, poet after poet inherits the double allegiance as part of his Polishness. It is with two seventeenth-century poets, Andrzej and Zbigniew Morsztyn, that Burns Singer scores his most dazzling successes; and these will be acclaimed (at least I hope they will) as 'metaphysical'. The analogy is certainly helpful: George Herbert in sacred poetry, Carew or Marvell in secular – these so-called 'metaphysicals' are doubtless the nearest English equivalents. But Jerzy Peterkiewicz does better when he speaks of these poets, and others like Zimorowic, as 'baroque'; for the Polish poets are nearer than their English contemporaries to the European consciousness of that age, nearer because within the Latin Christendom of the counter-reformation. Surprisingly much of the splendours of Polish baroque and rococo architecture has survived; plainly these are the literary equivalents of those buildings, witnessing to the same civilisation.

A tart remark by Burns Singer about Slowacki's 'Hymn' suggests, as his versions do, that he's more in sympathy with the earlier poets than with Romantics like Slowacki. And the versions do become less appealing the nearer we get to the present day. Of the later poets only the peasant Kasprowicz (1860-1926) comes through impressively; with others the translators seem to have attempted too often that toughest of all translating assignments, the style that is colloquial and slangy. But it is the baroque Poland that we need to take the measure of, and one shudders to think what would have happened to these

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THE CRESSET PRESS

baroque poems in the hands of the cultivated amateurs who not so long ago had a monopoly of verse translation into English. Verse translation even more than verse composition is a job for professionals; and the fruits of this collaboration reflect equal credit on the professional student of the foreign literature and the professional poet in English. We should all hope that their partnership is not soon dissolved.

DONALD DAVIE

Transparent Saint

Margaret Roper. By E. E. REYNOLDS. *Burns Oates.* 16*s.*

'Erudition in women is a new thing', wrote Sir Thomas More, and in England there is no doubt where the fashion began: it was in More's own household, his 'school' as it was called, at Bucklersbury and then Chelsea. The other great advocates of the practice – Erasmus and Vives – both acknowledged this fact, and their own debt to More; and between them these three men created a tradition that was to last a century. Princess Mary was taught by Vives's system; Catherine Parr, who managed the elaborate education of both Lady Jane Grey and Elizabeth, had herself been taught 'following the example of Sir Thomas More'; and the mothers of Robert Cecil and Francis Bacon, the two sisters Mildred and Anne Cooke, were both learned women, brought up on the principles of Sir Thomas More. But most of all, in this as in other matters, More proved his theories by his practice. 'If a man may be suffered among queens to speak of more mean folks', wrote Vives (and the translator was one of the tutors employed in More's household), 'I would reckon among this sort the daughters of Sir Thomas More, Knight' – those three daughters and five other girls who made his 'school' – since he had only one son – predominantly a school for girls.

Of them all the most famous was and is More's eldest daughter, Margaret. She was, as Miss Pearl Hogrefe says in her admirable recent work on *The Sir Thomas More Circle*, published by the University of Illinois Press,

> the outstanding woman educated in More's school. She might also be called one of the brilliant woman of the sixteenth century. Besides translating Erasmus's *Precatio dominica* as the *Treatise on the Pater Noster* and writing occasional poems and letters, she wrote a treatise on the *Four Last Things* which her father considered better than his own work on the same subject; she emended successfully a corrupt passage in St Cyprian; she wrote an oration answering one by Quintilian . . . she translated Eusebius from Greek.

She also corresponded as an equal with Erasmus, was painted by Holbein, and was married to the first and best biographer of her father, that 'marvellous zealous protestant' whom her father reconverted to Rome, William Roper.

And yet, in spite of all this Margaret Roper has hitherto (I think) had no biographer. Perhaps, like many bluestockings and perfect daughters, she lacks body. Her face stares coldly out of Holbein's canvas; her figure flits omnipresent yet insubstantial through her husband's book. Too often she appears as a mere type of perfection in the letters of Erasmus, or a pale reflection of himself in those of her father. She first appears before us as a model child, studying Greek and Latin, philosophy and theology, astronomy and poetry and laundering her father's secret, penitential hair-shirt; at the great crisis of her father's life we see her visiting him in the Tower, seeking to persuade him to take the oath, which she and her husband had taken but at which he unaccountably boggled; at the last moment we see her – the most vivid scene of all in her husband's narrative – throwing herself through the crowd to embrace her father as he was led to the Tower for execution, carrying off his body for burial, and then, a month later, rescuing his head from the spike on which it was exposed, and facing the Privy Council for keeping it; and finally, only nine years later, we see her dying young, having sought still to continue her father's practice and to secure, for the education of her daughters, that fashionable if protestant instructor, the tutor of Queen Elizabeth, Roger Ascham.

Yes, it is difficult to see Margaret Roper alone. She is a saint, but a transparent saint: through her shine always the more powerful figures of other, greater men of whom she is the translator, the reflection, the devotee. Nevertheless, anyone who filled so much of the heart of More deserves to be remembered, and Mr Reynolds has written an excellent, indeed a model biography: brief but full and clear, sympathetic and yet objective. In days when Sir Thomas More, the author of *Utopia*, the friend of Erasmus, has been almost entirely kidnapped by the bigots he so disliked (did I not read that a piece of his backbone was even carried in procession to Chelsea a few months ago?), how pleasant it is to read a book concerning him from which it is *almost* impossible to deduce the religion of the author!

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

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EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

Funny Sick-Sick

Passionella. By JULES FEIFFER. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Black Maria. By CHARLES ADDAMS. *Hamish Hamilton.* 21*s.*

Dear Dead Days. By CHARLES ADDAMS. *Paul Hamlyn.* 18*s.*

Horrible. By TOMI UNGERER. *Hamish Hamilton.* 42*s.*

'But did you enjoy the *play*, Mrs Lincoln?' This was the first joke I heard that actually came with the label 'sick' in its preamble. I probably thought it so funny because of the subtle flattery in the assumption that I would remember the circumstances of Lincoln's assassination. Subsequent acquaintance with sick humour has shown that this joke in fact epitomises the whole attitude of mind which nourished the form: the implicit belief that human emotion, fear, grief, pain, all the unspeakable barbarities of history, can somehow be rendered harmless if looked at with sufficient intimacy and contempt. Defining the label, of course, renders it virtually useless. Jules Feiffer, whose first collection of cartoons was actually called *Sick, Sick, Sick*, is in fact, like Tom Lehrer, only marginally sick. His new book consists of four moral fables which are all too deeply concerned with human ethics to qualify for the Sick Parade. I enjoy Feiffer's expressive, economical line, but he does go on for rather a long time about very little. Addicts, though, will be fully satisfied: there may even be a convert or two.

Sick humour is regarded as a post-war American phenomenon. Charles Addams, who fits the sick requirements more exactly than any other cartoonist, is not a member of the H-Bomb generation, to whom the whole *genre* is usually attributed. His family of ghouls has been turning the stomachs of *New Yorker* readers for 25 years: at least, I assume their stomachs are turned – mine is. But it is undeniable that this deliberate dwelling on the macabre, the ghoulish, the gruesome often produces very funny results. In a Charles Addams cartoon you can be sure that there will be something *wrong*: 'Darling, come and look!' cries the proud mother, 'baby's *walking!*' And so he is – on the ceiling. Little men play a large part in the Addams mythology: tiny eskimos are building an igloo in the ice-box; a tiny sailor is shipwrecked below a potted palm; a tiny family has made its home in a mailbox; and at the end of the day tiny bandsmen descend, by rope-ladder, from the office Musak loudspeaker. Our sillier fantasies, materialising in the everyday world, somehow illuminate it.

The above-mentioned cartoons all appear in Addams's new collection, *Black Maria*. For his source material it is interesting (for the non-squeamish) to look through *Dear Dead Days*, a 'Family Album' of (chiefly) nineteenth-century horrors: bearded ladies, shrunken bodies, midgets, all kinds of freak, macabre advertisements – anything to do with death, burial, torture, suicide or rough surgery. There are even a few pages devoted to the horrors of Victorian Gothic architecture, which, in context, appears just as sinister as that crenellated monstrosity in which the cartoon ghouls live. Sicker than any collection of cartoons, this extraordinary book is presented as an 'assault on nostalgia'. As such it is certainly effective, but more interesting to an Addams-analyst is the light it throws on the cartoonist's own womb-tomb-doom obsessions: Man, is he *sick*!

Tomi Ungerer is a young French cartoonist whose work is all the rage in New York. *Horrible* is announced as 'an account of the sad achievements of progress' but this is quite irrelevant and can be ignored. Mr Ungerer cuts out magazine illustrations – a brassiere, an oil-can, a cooked chicken, – and, by adding some delicate pen-drawing to them, turns them into something else, which is usually pretty sick but seldom has much to do with the machine age. This is the development of a gimmick which is not as new as Mr Ungerer's publishers suggest. Voltz did it in 1814 with his composite portrait of Napoleon; Rowlandson did it in 1784 with his imposition of Fox's face on Fuseli's dreaming lady. Given the initial idea it is easy and, repeated, soon ceases to be funny. I can't see anyone paying 42s. for this lavishly produced do-it-yourself manual.

JEREMY BROOKS

Life with Auld Daddy

Snakes and Ladders. By MARJORY TODD. *Longmans.* 21*s.*

Autobiographies are an economic way of laying ghosts. This one actually starts with the death of a father; and so vividly has he been projected out of his daughter's inner world that he nearly steals the book. Ironically, he owes this splendid reincarnation to the burden of pity and hatred that he laid on her. This is how she describes an occasion late in his life when he came home from a drinking bout, during what his children called the Great Cancer Phase, a dramatic attack of hypochondria:

> Somewhere between one and two o'clock we heard a faint scuffling at the door and it was he, almost on his knees, trying to get it open. He came in; he looked worse than drunk and worse than old – he looked aged and derelict. His clothes were in a shocking state. And then we noticed what it was that made him seem so pitiable – he had lost his false teeth. He stooped to undo his bootlaces. I could not bear it and I stooped too to try to help him. But our fingers touched and I could not go on with it.

He was a Lowland Scot, this pitiable character, stocky, dark-haired, bullet-headed, a powerful torso on bandy legs. Barely literate, having left school at 11, he was a boilermaker by trade; but after an accident to an eye he spent some years at sea. In his own opinion he was 'genuine' and 'genial', the best of fathers. ('Down in these Docks, they all thinks your auld Daddy is *genial*.') In his children's eyes he was a bitter man who mocked and exploited them, who sickened them with his false sentiments. Like his father before him, he drank to get drunk. He married a respectable English governess.

The author describes a happy early childhood. If its outward poverty and inner riches are slightly idealised, there is every excuse. In 1918, when she was 12, her good mother died of cancer; and five children suddenly found themselves in the insecure hands of auld Daddy and a succession of Hogarthian housekeepers. Underneath the retrospective comedy of this period, the reality is appalling. Adult neglect and the refined insensivity of teachers obliged this bright, grieving child to give up a hardly won grammar school scholarship. At 14, she became the housekeeper herself; and, four years late, a domestic servant.

WEA classes helped her to recover her ground. She passed a Civil Service examination and took a clerical job at an East Lon-

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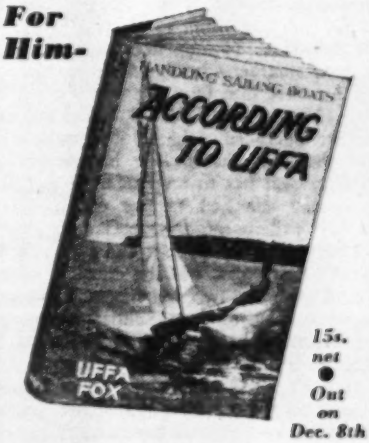

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NEWNES

don Labour Exchange. This was a time of poverty and landladies and lonely journeys through London. 'Once I saw a girl reading Plato's *Republic* on a bus and I wished I could speak to her, but I was too shy.' Eventually, however, her hunger was fed. Cyril Joad, her tutor in political theory at Toynbee Hall, became her friend and took her to a summer school; and in no time she was launched into Fitzrovia and the world of Nina Hamnett and C. K. Ogden. Then came another of those setbacks that explain the title she has chosen for her book: the Ministry sent her to an Exchange in Lancashire; and she had to live out a year in northern exile before the next ladder took her to Hull University College and a degree. This was 27 years ago; but the story is near its end. About her two marriages, her readers advice bureau on two Sunday newspapers, and her work in the London Probation Service, the author is deucedly reticent.

Marjory Todd attributes to her mother's good influence the direction of her ambition and the drive that took her through her early vicissitudes. But bad examples, also, are inspiring. Like most envious, affectionless characters, the old man was expert in making others feel responsible for his deprivations; he could even do it unwittingly. A younger daughter once surprised him sitting in his armchair, a big dictionary at his side, reading out loud to himself from a book that one of them had left lying around – J. S. Mill's *Autobiography*. And one November day, a week before his death, he came to London and stood for more than an hour outside Broadcasting House in the hope, apparently, of seeing his eldest daughter as she came out. She hadn't seen him for four years. She will never know what he wanted. Was it his mocking self there, the one who liked to show her up in front of her friends? Or was it the creature of his fantasy, the good auld Scots Daddy who would boast to his mates about the sacrifices he had made to send his children to grammar schools and universities? What a ghost! No wonder two of his children took up social work.

MICHAEL RAMSBOTHAM

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VISTA BOOKS

Put Not Your Trust in Princes

Lord of the Isles. By NIGEL NICOLSON. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 30*s.*

Could Leverhulme have made a success of his extraordinary scheme for making the island of Lewis a prosperous hive of industry, for stabilising the population – which drops steadily from year to year – at something like four times what it is now, and for making Stornoway into a rather magnificent modern town? I doubt it. Even without the disastrous quarrel with the Scottish Office, there were insuperable difficulties, including the major one, that an island is always in a bad trading position as compared with the mainland and that sea transport, in spite of the fact that the sea, unlike roads, mends itself, is still very dear compared with land. Other difficulties are still there; the Crofting Commission meets some of them today.

He was an old man when he bought the island and he was in the kind of hurry which is intolerable to people who have few possessions except time, but of that plenty. His fishery schemes, even with prosperous Mac Fisheries, which started as a kind of side line, would probably have had to be kept artificially alive with capital to tide over the inevitable bad years – which he didn't really believe in, since the islanders, very willing to gratify him, described wondrous and year-long shoals of fish, ready for the catching, if only . . . I've heard much the same thing myself in Broad Bay, when they were wanting a harbour! And even Lord Leverhulme was mortal. Harris, in the end, depended on him, and his executors wound up affairs there in unseemly haste, often with only a week's notice to men with no other source of work.

Government Departments are more parsimonious; the much-economised-on harbour at Port-na-Guran is a grim reminder of that. But they don't just die, and there are devoted civil servants who struggle to get things done even if Westminster tries to strangle their plans. Most Highlanders prefer a good laird to none, but the good laird with the long purse seldom lasts more than a generation. The moral is that the Highlands and Islands must stand on their own feet and put no trust in princes or even Viscounts. The most sensible realise this, but it takes time.

Lord Leverhulme was probably right to think that the crofting system would have to go, but a change as deep as that (though it didn't seem deep to him) must come from within. It is as ridiculous today as it was in his time that most of Stornoway's milk comes in churns from the mainland; but today it should be possible for the crofters on the better land, including the broken-up dairy farms, to get together and produce it. I expect, though, that now they are all selling their cows and waiting for lovely well-paid jobs on the new Nato aerodrome.

Maddening, beautiful Lewis which so enthralled poor Leverhulme! By the end he had half broken his heart over the islands from which he took his title and which have now almost forgotten him, in spite of the millions he spent.

Nigel Nicolson has written an exciting book, with a great understanding of both sides. It should be equally fascinating to someone who has not stood on the crumbling edge of the Tolsta road or looked in horror at decaying Leverburgh, or for that matter watched the twirling spindles in the MacKenzie tweed mills, knowing that Kenneth MacKenzie had acquired the most important bit of salvage from the Leverhulme wreck. In some ways Leverhulme, with his innocent passion for waltzing (sometimes misunderstood locally) and his enormous visions, was a hero-sized figure; his ideas were ahead of his time; he almost thought of quick-freezing and peat-generated electricity. He nearly pulled off the whole thing. And yet, he being himself and Lewis being itself, it was never really possible.

NAOMI MITCHISON

Short Stories

Three Players of a Summer Game. By TENNESSEE WILLIAMS. *Secker & Warburg.* 18*s.*

Nuncle. By JOHN WAIN. *Macmillan.* 16*s.*

Winter's Tales 6. Edited by A. D. MACLEAN. *Macmillan.* 21*s.*

Forty Best Stories from Mademoiselle. *Gollancz.* 21*s.*

Sometimes a reader may wonder if the people encountered by writers of short stories can ever be the clean, the nice and the good; happily every now and then the doubter is reassured. Not necessarily by Mr Tennessee Williams, though – as his latest volume shows – you are never quite sure what you will find. *Three Players of a Summer Game* does present a recognisable section of this author's extraordinary world. Yet the first thing that strikes one when he uses the present form is the rich, rather mournfully sensual poetry of the writing. Even the titles suggest it: 'The Field of Blue Children', 'The Resemblance between a Violin Case and a Coffin.' The next is the stab of violence, often off-centre, often by way of some quite incidental sexual exchange (man with man, man with woman), in the most plaintive and tender tale. Added to these might be the taste for human oddities: the one-armed male prostitute 'like a broken statue of Apollo'; the young doctor suddenly attacked by a horrible disease: 'an awful flower grew in his brain like a fierce geranium that shattered its pot'; a half-mad wraithlike girl who collects glass ornaments.

> I don't believe that my sister was actually foolish. I think that the petals of her mind had simple closed through fear. It's no telling how much they had closed upon in the way of secret wisdom.

These haunting and tender and shocking qualities can be found together in all of these curious and brilliant tales. If one of them were to be chosen to demonstrate these things, it might be the beautifully told little story called 'The Angel in the Alcove', but the most emphatic example is really the title-piece itself, whose emerald lawn and violet shadows (the game, heraldic and mannered, is croquet) provide a compulsive background to the summer tale of death and love and conventional betrayal. In that order.

Nuncle presents its critic-poet-novelist author now, for the first time, as a writer of short stories. What would you expect to find?

Your guess could very well be right up to a point, but there are also surprises. These are not written to the tailored American model; they are rather in the English tradition, which means, in fact, the several imprecise traditions that the thing falls into here when left to itself. This applies not least to the subjects, which don't, on the whole, arise out of any fixed condition, but experiment in a number of directions. Some might be fictional treatments of what the author would otherwise have used for verse.

Still, you can take what you like. Here is a bitter fantasy called 'Master Richard', about a freakishly gifted child who at five has the mind and capacities of a man of 35 – and dares not let it be known. Fantasy is, peculiarly, a home product. Of course there are the inevitable pub scenes and party scenes: people have to be somewhere. Yet one of these ('Rafferty'), about the non-compatibility of loves, is also an exact little study in behaviour. There is even a tale about writing itself – a tempting but dangerous topic at best (see Henry James). This one is about a prestige writer who cannot write, who marries the daughter of a business man who can. This isn't, to my mind, one of the best. I would choose for that place a story called 'The Quickest Way Out of Manchester', about two special forms of middle-class vulgarity. Always an excellent theme.

Winter's Tales shows, by declared intention, a bias towards the longish story. Connoisseurs, who generally start with the shortest in a volume and move but grudgingly lengthwards, may sometimes regard this as a detestable hybrid. But in fact, the outstanding story in the book, Frank Tuohy's 'A Survivor in Salvador', is also the longest of the lot: about 50 pages. This is about the familiar wandering Pole, living on his wits, his elegance, his old-world title. ('For Christophe, who had been educated for idleness, all ways of making money involved a racket.') Deported from all the more respectable capitals, he arrives in Salvador with a job – to deliver an extremely valuable parcel of drugs. But the police are just arresting the 'contact' as he arrives. How can he find another? He looks for evil, as the author puts it, for his salvation – he *needs* to find it; but all that he meets is the absurdity of innocence. Admittedly, of the local kind.

For the rest, it is a middling lot, perhaps over-coloured by the horrors behind the prep school gates or the suburban lace curtains. Yet there are two or three other good stories when you look again closely. James Plunkett provides a Dublin tale of dockers and union officials; he can always be counted on to give value. Commendable too are Margaret Laurence's idyll of two European hairdressers in a remote African town, and Brian Glanville's sketch of an ingratiating street boy in the Azores, and his effect on this or that kind and gullible visitor.

No one can complain that the large collection *Forty Stories from Mademoiselle*, 1935-1960 lacks substance, variety, or distinguished names. The native team includes for a start Shirley Jackson, Katherine Anne Porter, William Faulkner, Carson McCullers, Jean Stafford, Robert Penn Warren. Among the non-Americans are Camus, Moravia, Ionesco; also Elizabeth Bowen, Frank O'Connor, Joyce Cary, P. H. Newby, Dan Jacobson – all in good form, particularly the last. Perhaps it is the context that gives so diverse a lot their uniform air of assurance: the expert touch. They have nothing else in common, and yet it cannot be discounted.

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V. S. PRITCHETT

What do we make of the present extraordinary vogue of autobiography? How is it that an enormous number of people capable of writing on some level or other, feel this at least is something they can easily do? We can take the pleasant view and say that we are living through a time in which history and social change make people dramatic and interesting to themselves, that we all now have some sort of turn on the stage; but after reading Mr Pascal's book* confidence is shaken. The supreme task of autobiography, he says, is no longer fulfilled. The times are *not* propitious. In modern autobiography there is a general lack of relationship between personal and social being. We have fallen into triviality; we are dramatic because we are insecure. I can imagine him going on to say that the first person singular which had been the pronoun of pride and certainty in a Cellini or a Goethe, in a Newman or a James, has now become a badge of desperation, for we find that the 'I' is the only thing now left to us and that it has to 'do' for everything we have lost. It has no distinction because it cannot say who it is, has no design and can utter only the cliché that it has lived. Of course, to live and lie well about it, is not to be despised.

Mr Pascal's is a stern judgment, but anyone who has given any serious thought to his life-story (his life-illusion, as Mr Pascal calls it) and has tried out a few pages, will agree that we might just as well be in an oarless boat in the middle of the Atlantic. Better not to start off before one has digested Mr Pascal's thoughtful and absorbing enquiry. I have read no critical and historical study of the art to equal his in breadth of reading, in European, American and Russian literature, and in the fine perception of the distinctions the subject calls for. My only criticism is that his choice of modern English examples is very limited, although he makes a good point about the modern poet-autobiographer. Mr Leonard Woolf's recent book unhappily came too late for him, but I would have liked to know whether it met Mr Pascal's exacting demands. I think it might do. These demands are not arbitrary and puritanical but have come, as criticism should, out of a rigorous delight.

Autobiography is a late flower of civilisation. It is exclusively European in origin, born out of European curiosity, enlargement and intensity, the innumerable cross-fertilisations and large spiritual crises that have given the European his intellectual courage, quickness and extreme particularity of mind. The art begins with St Augustine. It is post-classical. Yet centuries go by before the Renaissance creates the propitious climate. Then Cellini, Cardano and Santa Teresa suddenly speak out wholly as human beings aware that a self and a life have been theirs. Mr Pascal strictly excludes the diarist, the memoir writers, writers of reminiscence and witnesses of single events from his study, because pure autobiography is concerned with shaping a past from the standpoint of a present that may be totally unlike it. The autobiographer is like a man who stands still in a train and who battles with a receding scene. He is creating not only a past, but a design for the past, made in the present. Cellini in casting his statue, Santa Teresa in founding her convent, are finding new selves in a new world, conscious of the self in the act. It is not until we reach the late eighteenth century and early nineteenth when this new molten world has set, that the confidence a man has in his society gives him an avid concern with himself. It is the age of the great autobiographers, of Rousseau, Goethe and the eccentrics Franklin, Gibbon and Stendhal, the age of the 'proper study' and 'the pleasing anxious being'.

Middle-class self-realisation and Romanticism also played their parts in this establishment of the first person singular:

> In this decisive period autobiography is both exploratory and self-confident. The inner self of the earlier religious autobiographers owed their justification of its worth to a common religious belief. The self that is now the object of a devoted attention, valued likewise for its peculiar inner quality rather than its outer achievement, asserts its worth for its own sake without a transcendental prop . . . The most striking discovery is that man is not a state of being but a process of development and that he can be known only in the story of his life . . . these authors are the first to see themselves as a complex process of 'becoming' in which the past resounds in the present.

The novels of childhood in the Victorian age (also its realism) owe everything to the self-inspections, the confessions of a Restif de la Bretonne, a Rousseau or a Wordsworth. And throughout the nineteenth century the autobiography has not only the task of showing a self as it grew, but a self as it responds to the new element of violent social change. We begin to record an environment that vanishes so that the self has to battle in a new world. The self becomes social history in Harriet Martineau, in Mill, Ruskin and, later on, in Collingwood, Wells and Beatrice Webb. Later still, in contemporary writers – Hans Carossa, Koestler or Gorz – the self passes through historical calamity and has to ask why it was so chosen, what new resources it discovered in suffering and humiliation. The tendency of the serious modern writer has been to offer himself as a sample of the historical process in his lifetime.

Mr Pascal's historical exposition is interesting; but he is a severe critic and it is in his fine siftings of truth and evasion that he has most to tell us. For him many of the books we have regarded as autobiography are cheerfully and misleadingly coloured by mere reminiscence, either true or highly imagined. Casanova is cast out. Montaigne is a general essayist. Boswell merely collects. Boswell's diary may reveal, from day to day; it cannot survey or shape. I wonder if he is right about Boswell. Does he not unerringly project a forthcoming design? One gets from him, surely, what Mr Pascal wants: 'a coherence of the acting and the spiritual personality in the particularity of the circumstances.' He is quick to point out that Tolstoy's *A Confession* and other confessions of religious experience have the fault of devaluing early experience, so that unity is broken. Newman makes significant omissions. Schweitzer's *My Life and Thought* makes his development more logical than it was; and this violence to his own nature appears to be related to his paternalistic attitude to the Africans. Mr Pascal points out that Henry Adams was attached to traditional democratic ideas for a much longer time than his *Education* would have us believe; and one can see now more clearly why he appears to us to have been a snob who snubbed himself intellectually, and why this snobbery led him to a major error of judgment about the course of future history and his own position. The intellectual who improves his own past, eviscerates his person and, in the end, the fullness of his idea. Only Croce and Collingwood, among Mr Pascal's examples, survive his criticism.

The autobiography of the poet or imaginative writer has also its special difficulties. In our time, as Mr Pascal points out, many writers of this kind tend to be interested strictly in their relation to their own art. Their temptation is that they will fall into reminiscence and that the reminiscence will be spoiled because it will be related to them and not allow the events and people to appear in their independent fullness. How two-dimensional other poets appear in a poet's autobiography; if all one's pride and humility are going into the concern with only art, there is nothing left for people. But the most dangerous enemies of the literary autobiography are one's own powers of evocation and eloquence. In a few intoxicating phrases the imaginative writer can mislead with a landscape, he can skip great changes of feeling in an image or two, and conceal himself in the words he is unable to resist. He can speak properly with Goethe of his 'Poetry' and his 'Truth'; but the distinction between the lasting inner Poetry and the poetry of the moment is hard to keep at the tip of his pen. To say this is not to be puritanical about the imagination. It is to expose the break in the unity of tone that every reader will notice. Mr Pascal offers the famous example of Chateaubriand's anthology piece, describing the spring in Britanny: excellent evocation of dozens of springs in Britanny, quite unconvincing as the particular spring seen by him as a boy. Again, Mr Pascal quotes Valéry's criticism of Gide when he distrusts those lines 'where the art is noticeable':

**Design and Truth in Autobiography*. By ROY PASCAL. *Routledge*. 25*s*.

†*The Autobiography of Mark Twain*. Edited by CHARLES NEIDER. *Chatto & Windus*. 30*s*.

'To spin words to one's confessor is a serious matter; it will make him forget to absolve you.'

We do not mind the boastings, the lies, the exaggerations and fantasies of autobiography, for they naively or honestly display the kind of character that parades them; moreover, men who revel in the big lies are apt, as Cellini is, to utter the truth just as shamelessly. But we cease to believe when the tone breaks, when the pedal is pushed down, when the background music suddenly strikes up in the foreground. The test is crucial; for in an autobiography we expect the truth – not the absolute or exhaustive truth, but the truth the author has stated he intends to tell.

One of the worst attempts at autobiography by a great writer is Mark Twain's†. It is a rambling collection of efforts. put together over a great many years, a huge and disastrous ragbag of shaggy anecdotes. Mr Neider is the latest editor to attempt an arrangement of it. Twain set out to tell the whole truth and we can certainly deduce his inner terror and insecurity from it; but, characteristically, his notion of telling the truth was simply never to stop talking; and he thought that by rambling back and forth he was in fact bringing past and present into significant conjunction. He is simply ad libbing from his last defence – an imaginary grave. The childhood memories are by far the best. The early wanderings have great historical interest for they do reveal provincial America of his time; and his wonderful comic invention comes through the cigar smoke. But the final impression is of a book that is destroyed by a man hopelessly engaged in destroying his own talent. To describe his book, as Mr Neider does, as an autobiography to stand by Franklin's, and a 'great' book, is nonsense. Cellini knew himself; Twain never bothered. His autobiography is the gag book of a man who never stops and it has the pathos of all works that switch away from self enquiry with a compulsive, professional laugh.

Village Classes

Artichokes are being burnt in France,
to keep the price up.
As Jews were once incinerated,
to keep their price up.
(An average Jew is now worth slightly
more than before the war.)
As O World, O Life, O Time deflower poets,
to keep the price of poets up.
(Not efficiently enough, though, not
sufficiently efficiently.)
As we thin out our good intentions,
to make them better than our bad.
As we chop down our friends,
to keep the price of loyalty up.
As we plough back our loves,
to enhance the value of love.
Outside the huts, vegetables are growing;
inside, the common sorts of love.
Because, they say, the earth is like that;
they know no modern economics.
We educate them to lay down their lives,
to keep the price of life up.
Artichokes fetch a good price in France.
There was always too much life in Asia.

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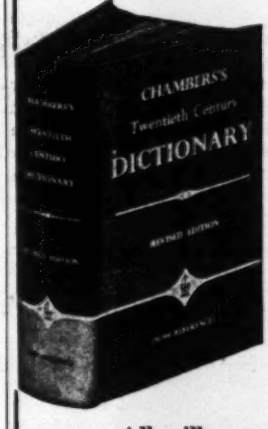

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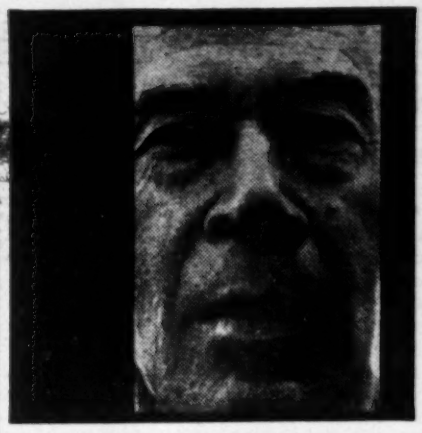

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One of the volumes to come out in 1961 will be that containing Lenin's *Philosophical Notebooks*, which have never before been available in English.

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High Table Talk

Memories and Commentaries. By IGOR STRAVINSKY and ROBERT CRAFT. *Faber.* 25*s.*

Stravinsky. By ROMAN VLAD. *Oxford.* 30*s.*

'I am not an intellectual', remarks Stravinsky half-way through his new book of Conversations, 'and therefore problems of explanation are of no very great interest to me'. We needed to be reminded of that, half-true as it is, more than we need to be reminded of the simpler fact that the speaker is one of the supremely intelligent creative spirits of our age. But it is an intelligence of a very special kind and not one much given to consciously following things through to their unquestionable end (which is so often the bitter end). At some point early on, the intelligence goes underground, and the end is reached by another route. Instinct is to Stravinsky's critical (and creative) processes as Faith is to religious belief.

In the shriller days before he had quite achieved world recognition as a great master, Stravinsky once exclaimed 'I do wish people would let me have the privilege of being at least a little bit unconscious. It is so nice sometimes to go blind, just with the *feeling* for the right thing'. Today, with that fierce inquisitiveness which Stravinsky has bravely substituted for the serenity of old age, he seems less enamoured of the idea of bat-like flight. He looks back on his past works, and is no longer sure that he always had the '*feeling* for the right thing'. He speaks now of 'my so aberrant "neo-classicism" (in which category, nevertheless and without knowing it was that, I have managed to compose some not unpleasing music)'. Does this amiable understatement conceal an ominous intent? Is the pot into which the composer has already gleefully thrust *The Nightingale* being kept on the boil, in preparation for more substantial provender? Which will be the next to go – the two Concertos, the Piano Sonata, the Serenade? One shudders for a moment, and it's a guilty moment for those who might almost welcome one or two nocturnal disappearances. But the composer should not encourage this cruel sport. The works must now lead their own life. Self-criticism is not always a characteristic of genius, but Stravinsky has invariably shown it *in* his work, where it belongs. If any of his music is lacking in real vitality (which I doubt) then Time will arrange for the burial.

In the meanwhile, the composer himself plays cannibal more happily and less dangerously amongst the works of other composers: for instance, amongst those of Beethoven. Accusing him of banality and worse, Stravinsky seeks to strangle him with a footnote (page 23) which should be made into bed-socks for all those people to whom 'problems of explanation are of no very great interest'.

He begins by declaring that 'an octave passage for violins in the *Malinconia* (Op. 16, No. 6) is an early and tiny example of what I mean'. 'Tiny' is hardly small enough, unless Stravinsky is calling the whole of Op. 18, No. 6 *Malinconia;* there are indeed a few octaves between violins in the first movement. But they in no sense constitute a 'passage', unlike the trio of the minuet in Op. 18, No. 5, or the conceivably questionable octave passage between second violin and viola in the fifth variation of the finale to the same quartet. In any case, Op. 18 is hardly a central enough point for such an attack. As if aware of this, Stravinsky then cites the first movement of the Ninth Symphony. But for some mysterious reason, he takes as his example a passage from the recapitulation, rather than its model in the exposition. In either context, the criticism is hardly a triumph for analysis, and to accuse Beethoven of poor rhythmic invention at certain points is only useful against the background of a proper consideration of his rhythmic 'genius'. Even reading between the toes of this footnote one could not guess whether Stravinsky has ever been impressed by anything in Beethoven's characteristic rhythm and phrase structure.

But this doesn't matter; the footnote and other remarks of the kind will not harm anyone who doesn't deserve to be harmed, and they provide illuminating variety in a book which is largely concerned with matters autobiographical. The importance of this autobiographical material, weighed in dull historical scales, is not always very great. But it is invariably entertaining, and even at its most conversational it is so lit by shafts of perception, human understanding, wit or affection that it is innocent of all triviality. There is a lot about the Diaghilev ballet (including two remarkably appealing letters from the great puppeteer himself) and as much about the senior Russian composers of the generation before Stravinsky. Of his musical contemporaries, only Prokofiev is subjected to detailed scrutiny – and impeccably fair it is.

With delight, one learns that a third Stravinsky volume is on its way – the first, *Conversations with Igor Stravinsky*, was published a year ago. These books are a treasured contribution to the documentation of music in our time, and Stravinsky and his collaborator, Robert Craft, have both put us profoundly in their debt.

Stravinsky himself has given his blessing to Roman Vlad's critical biography, but if this is truly 'the best study of my music which has yet appeared', then things are not as they should be. The book, which is the work of one of Italy's foremost composers, contains a little new material and some intelligent commentary. But the writing of a book is a different matter from assembling radio scripts, and the structure of this compilation all too clearly reveals its radio origins. There is no real overall plan or adequate scale of importance. *The King of the Stars* and the Mass, for instance, are admirably treated; but other works equally important are passed off in a few perfunctory paragraphs. There is some value in Vlad's copious reading and collation of Stravinsky literature, yet he has a lively mind of his own, and it is disappointing that he should so often prefer to give other people's opinions rather than his own. In these circumstances, the sniping in Vlad's bibliography at Eric Walter White's painstaking Stravinsky book is gratuitous and distasteful.

In general, the book seems hurried and slap-dash, lacking critical attention and even at times the most elementary sense of musical character. To speak of the Verdian origins of the second movement of the *Dumbarton Oaks* is fair enough, but to refer to the 'deliciously lewd sounds from the bassoon' is a catastrophe. After this kind of thing, it is a relief to turn back to the gentle assurance of some of Stravinsky's judgments: back, for instance to his noble epitaph on Webern, 'He is a perpetual Pentecost for all who believe in music'. That is the truth for a great composer, and it is most moving.

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Look Who's Talking. By RUTH ADAM. *Muller.* 15*s.*

The Front Door Key. By JOHN BROPHY. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

'. . . you,' says Sergeant Eustis Clay in the last sentence of Mr Goldman's highly entertaining novel, *Soldier in the Rain.* Typographically, anyway, he shows a decent reticence; but for a long time now the word hasn't really meant *that.* With it we only soothe shattered nerves, lick wounds, express contempt for the base behaviour of other people. We may even, like Clay, if moved to a bloody-but-unbowed acceptance of human weakness, finally admonish Heaven. It is to the sky Clay addresses himself.

I liked this book. Eustis Clay might almost be by Sergeant Bilko out of Wesley Jackson (if that is permissible), with Billy Liar and Lucky Jim standing by as godfathers. The story is set in one of those sprawling American army camps which, with the Korean war fizzling out, the Pentagon is about to close down. The desert will reclaim it and the tumbleweed will bounce from hut to empty hut.

For the members of the station NCO oligarchy the known camp is better than the

unknown. The nest, however impermanent, must continue to be feathered. The southern sun burns down and there is a price for everything. An electric fan costs eight mattresses and 20 slave-recruits. The lorry to transport them costs several sets of special underwear. The petrol to make the lorry go costs 'one feel jak widda zip'. What costs nothing is loyalty when the chips are down; at least, that is the code, but sometimes the gods step in and put a price even on that. Clay and his friend Master-Sergeant Slaughter (an endearing character, obese, fastidious, frankly afraid of the world beyond his air-conditioned kingdom) can usually fob off suspicious officers and inquisitive MPs, and because there is always tomorrow in which to plan how to make a million dollars (the sum needed to insure against eventually being a civilian in the disagreeable sense) failing schemes for making money can be forgotten in the arms of precocious minors like Bobby Jo Pepperdine. What can't be beaten is the irrational hatred and malicious envy of one man (for which you could read 'one race') for another, or the dicky heart of a man grown too fat to fight alongside his friend and live to fight another day. Camp empty, best friend dead, Alabama-bound – Clay, rained on from a great height as it were, turns up his coat collar, looks up at the source of his immediate discomfort and reaffirms his belief in the spirit of man with those two words. Funny, lyrical, hard-headed, warm-hearted, sane, I recommend it without reservation.

Miss Markandaya's third novel, *A Silence of Desire*, tells the story of a respectable family man who suddenly suspects his wife of infidelity. There are improperly-accounted-for absences, a man's photograph in a rarely opened chest, depleted family treasure. There is also the barrier at the back of the throat which silences the first timid question until it has grown into an angry accusation. The family are educated, middle-class Indians, living in modern India. Up to the moment of revelation – the wife has a tumour and is devoting herself not to a lover but to a faith-healing Swami – I was with Miss Markandaya every inch of the way, but then we drew apart a little – much against my will because the novel goes on to examine the real predicament of a westernised Indian who believes in modern surgery but finds that his wife, while respecting his values, adheres to older ones.

Brilliantly constructed, clearly and lucidly written, all that was needed to make the novel bang away at me was a deeper understanding of the wife. She came through to me as tired, stubborn, even pig-headed. I waited for the gestures and expressions that would portray sharply the pain behind serenity, the courage behind conviction. But then it was not a malignant tumour and perhaps Miss Markandaya sacrifices my kind of drama for what I have to recognise as accuracy.

Mr Rhys Davies's new novel, *Girl Waiting in the Shade* probably needs to be read more than once. I felt that it went out with a bang I was momentarily deaf to; or, to put it another way, that at the end the iceberg upended and revealed its submerged nine-tenths without my quite seeing what they amounted to. It is about Lottie Curlow who hates her rich, vulgar, provincial mother enough to plot a revenge so tortuous that most of the time she seems to be punishing herself. I sympathised with her for running away on her wedding night from the man her mother had persuaded her to marry, and later accepted as in character her accusation of seduction by her step-father. She ends up mistress of the house with her mother's ashes on the dining-room table in a Chinese jar. I did not really understand her because I did not get the real measure of her pathological dislike for her mother; but she is a disturbing and original creation and all in all I was more impressed than puzzled.

Mrs Adam's new book, *Look Who's Talking*, is told in the first person by Helen Peters, a provincial Welfare Officer whose private life takes the kind of turn the title indicates. It is a humane and intelligent book but I thought the author failed to compose it into a truly coherent whole. However, stories which show people at work in the midst of their special mystique and expertise get off to a head start in the business of readability, and this book is no exception.

The expertise of the world of art historians and art dealers is similarly what carries you through Mr John Brophy's latest novel, *The Front Door Key*. Is the *Venus with Fan* a Tintoretto, a Titian, or the masterpiece of a lesser known painter? 'The flesh tones are just a little too low pitched to be a Tintoretto.' 'I fancy there's rather more *craquelure* there, and there, compared with the last time I went over it.' Dialogue between rival experts is always fascinating.

PAUL SCOTT

E. M. Forster's *The Longest Journey* (7s. 6d.) has just been added to The World's Classics series: it is prefaced with an introduction by the author, who describes it as 'the novel I am most glad to have written.' A new version, by Gilbert and Suzanne Sale, of Stendhal's *Armance* appears from the Merlin Press (16s.).

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Paperbacks

And still they come, the egghead paperbacks; and as month follows month, one gets the impression of a series of solemn processions, each trying to outdo its rivals in splendour. This month it is Routledge's turn. They come up, in fact, with two processions. One is the second batch of books in the Library of Mathematics, *Complex Numbers, Partial Derivatives, Principles of Dynamics, Vibrating Strings* and *Vibrating Systems*. They are designed for engineering and science students. Sheer ignorance makes comment impossible except to say that, at 5s. each, they are elegant and attractive little books.

With the second series, Routledge Paperbacks, one has at least the illusion of knowing where one is. Among them are I. A. Richards's *Principles of Literary Criticism* (9s 6d), a revolutionary book in its time and almost as challenging today as it was when it first appeared just 36 years ago; and T. E. Hulme's *Speculations* (8s 6d), also a seminal work in art and literary criticism. Philosophy is represented by Cornford's *Plato's Theory of Knowledge* (10s 6d); psychology by Freud's *Totem and Taboo* (6s) and Piaget's *Language and Thought of the Child* (10s 6d); sociology by Mannheim's *Ideology and Utopia* (10s 6d); anthropology by Malinowski's *Sex and Repression in Savage Society* (9s 6d). D. E. S. Maxwell's useful *Poetry of T. S. Eliot* (7s 6d) is also included.

Among the fiction, pride of place must go to Rosemary Edmonds's translation of Tolstoy's *The Cossacks, The Death of Ivan Ilyich* and *Happy Ever After* (Penguin, 3s 6d); but there are several contemporary novels and volumes of short stories worth mentioning. Corgi Books have published *The Ugly American* (3s 6d), which, whatever its literary merits, was something like political dynamite when it first came out in the United States two years ago. It will be interesting to see how well the late F. L. Green's *Odd Man Out* (Ace, 3s 6d), so highly praised when it first appeared, stands up to rereading after 15 years. Other fiction from Ace includes the poet Howard Nemerov's novel of American university life, *The Homecoming Game* (2s 6d), Brian Glanville's *Mafia Country* (2s 6d.), and Kamala Markandaya's *Some Inner Fury* (2s 6d).

From Penguin comes Budd Schulberg's *The Disenchanted* (5s.): 'Many people', the blurb says, 'have seen in this the story of the final years of one of America's finest novelists, F. Scott Fitzgerald'. They have indeed. From Penguin, too, come Gide's *The Immoralists* (2s. 6d.), Colette's *The Vagabond* (2s. 6d). Romain Gary's impassioned *The Roots of Heaven* (5s.), which one will reread with some trepidation to see if it is as good as one thought two years ago, Pasternak's *The Last Summer* (2s. 6d.), and Angus Wilson's *Such Darling Dodos* (2s. 6d.). *New English Dramatists 2* (3s. 6d.) in the Penguin Plays series consists of Arnold Wesker's *The Kitchen*, N. F. Simpson's *A Resounding Tinkle* and *Epitaph for George Dillon*, by John Osborne and Anthony Creighton.

WILLIAM SALTER

Centenaries call for congratulations, and *Cornhill*, which celebrates its hundredth year with the current issue, deserves especially warm ones. The present issue (6s.) reprints from 1860 – it seems for the first time – the two opening chapters of Charlotte Brontë's unfinished novel *Emma*. There is a fascinating account by Alan Moorehead of African reactions to European visitors from the sixteenth century onwards as depicted in native art; and Osbert Lancaster surveys, through portraits of successive Lady Littlehamptons, fashions in portrait painting during the last hundred years. Other items in this number, which runs to 100 pages, are stories by Elizabeth Taylor and William Sansom, lectures on the art of biography by Iris Origo and on art and society by Sir Kenneth Clark, a solid sequence by May Sarton, and an extract from John Betjeman's *Summoned by Bells*.

François Mauriac

MEMOIRES INTERIEURS

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H. G. Whiteman, Sunday Times

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The Times 21s.

Hail to the Chief

JAMES REICHLEY

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Evening News

'Recommended to anyone who finds the cut and thrust of politics fascinating.'
Reynolds News 18s.

and of course

The Baldwin Age

Edited by John Raymond 25s.

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Week-end Competition

No. 1,605 **Set by Bob Cratchit**

The usual prizes are offered for the completion in not less than eight and not more than 12 lines of a seasonal poem beginning:

A periscope for Peeping Tom
A cradle for the cat

Entries by 6 December.

Result of No. 1,602 **Set by Bel Paese**

The library catalogue on an Italian liner sets out short descriptions of books in English. Three examples are:

Huxley, A. *Bravo New World.* An examination of new and impending medical discoveries in 1932.
Wain, John. *Hurry on Down.* Sinking man still hopeful.
Cary, Joyce. *The Horse's Mouth.* Artist looks life in face.

The usual prizes are offered for similar encapsulations of three of: *Mourning Becomes Electra, The Naked and the Dead, The Journal of a Disappointed Man, Ulysses, The Loved One, Saturday Night and Sunday Morning, The Hidden Persuaders.*

Report

Mere facetiousness or the smart quip would not do. The point about the original examples was that they were an honest attempt to summarise that led to amusing or infelicitous turns of phrase. Thus puns on Bloom, references to Lady C., or purely topical jokes did not count. A case in point: a description of *The Journal of a Disappointed Man* as 'Mr Nixon's Diary for 10 November'. Another error in aim was to hit off *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* as 'Factory Lothario ties himself in Notts'. Two entries seemed to come closest to the point, and the prize is divided between L. G. Udall and Peter Veale. A selection of the best single shots earn honourable mentions for their authors.

The Loved One. Happiness through burial.
The Naked and the Dead. How Japanese nearly won war.
Saturday Night and Sunday Morning. Study of licensed hours in English provincial city.
L. G. UDALL

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning. Moral decline in home county of famous Puritan, Lawrence, D. H.
The Hidden Persuaders. How to go shopping while unconscious.
Ulysses. Message of Elijah's coming brings hope to persecuted Jew.
PETER VEALE

Ulysses

Two men with problems become great friends. (June Langfield)
Busy day in life of middle-class Irishman. (J. Adams)
Anthology of Irish jokes. (Nimai Chatterji)
Comical Irish story told in dialect. (A. M. Sayers)
Irish patriots denounce British monarchy. (Pat Quick)
Mythology rewritten in an authentic colourful Dublin accent by learned Irishwoman. (James S. Fidgen)

Mourning Becomes Electra

Daughter's excessive grief for her father. (W. H. H. Tucker)
Father of Charlie Chaplin writes on American family life. (Alan F. Wallis)
Life within the home circle need not be dull. (J. A. Lindon)
Hiberno-Hellenic study of family upset during American Risorgimento. (Lyndon Irving)
The doings of a New England family with Greek roots. (G. J. Blundell)

The Loved One

Pets are happily buried. (W. H. H. Tucker)
How to embalm. (Helen MacGregor)
Funeral director takes lid off cremation. Reverent. (Martin Fagg)
How to preserve the body. (G. J. Blundell)
Undertaking in America with the lid exposed. (Ian C. Gilchrist)
Beautiful burial customs of America explained. (A. M. Sayers)

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning

Simple love and life among the artisans. (E. O. Parrott)
How the English weekend has changed. (B. B. Causer)

The Hidden Persuaders

Consumption, a study by one of its victims. (Donald Shiach)
Women's dangerous charms, laid in advertising agency. (John A. Pincus)

The Countryside

EDWARD HYAMS

Historical novelists and even serious historians often make curious little mistakes, of no importance perhaps, owing to their failure to realise that the countryside is as much an artifact as the town. I mean that it is constantly being reconstructed with new materials. I have found, in quite distinguished works of fiction, and in what passes for fact among historians, (that is, opinion) maize growing in 12th-century France and sugar beet in 15th-century England. Such errors are hardly noticed, although a description of a 12th-century town as being built of reinforced concrete would be ridiculous.

It is generally realised that the face of the Home Counties was altered for the better in the 18th century by the enormous fortunes of the gentry and the natural taste of such exquisite artists in landscape as 'Capability' Brown, who used the very hills and rivers as the raw materials of an art as refined as Cotman's. But it is commonly overlooked that, even far from the centres of wealth and taste, Britain's face was so changed by one fundamental farming operation, drainage, that it is far more difficult to picture what the countryside looked like 500 years, or 1,000 years, ago, than London at the same date.

A field of pasture grass looks as if it had been there for ever, and it is hard to absorb the fact that, like any urban square, it has been imposed on the wild for an economic purpose. Surely a water-meadow, with its lush grass knee-high to the cows and its decoration of tall golden buttercups, with the river flowing sweetly beyond a screen of alder and willow, is a gift of God, or nature, whatever they may mean? In fact, of course, we owe it to the greed for gain of a speculating 17th-century nobleman and the engineering skill of some Dutch drainage expert.

Nor are tree-scapes eternally repeated. There is much complaint because the Forestry Commission is transforming the countryside for the worse by mass planting of conifers. Such transformation has been going on for thousands of years. But only in the brief period of the landed gentry's wealth and taste were trees planted for ornament - generally by the sort of men that Horace Walpole sneered at as 'the beefs'. Before that, and thereafter, they were, and are, planted for money.

The generations whose economy dictated the planting of hardwoods were just lucky, not virtuous, and we conveniently forget the thousands of acres reduced to sordid scrubwood by the harvesting of oak-bark for the tanners. Our plantings of conifers are dictated by the need for a quick return in softwood and a capital increment on afforested land. In theory we could exempt the Forestry Commission from paying its way: we don't because we are now an impoverished nation, constantly hovering on the verge of bankruptcy. We plant conifers for the same reason that indigent noblemen do so on their estates; we cannot afford to be nice.

But it is not only commercial mass-planting of trees which change. Consider the many stands, avenues and fine specimen trees of horse-chestnut. They look like an integral part of the 'eternal' England of the rural sentimentalist's fancy. But the fact is that no stay-at-home Briton had so much as seen a horse-chestnut before about 1700, and the red-flowered kind was not introduced to our parks until the 19th century. How many readers would notice the error if an historical novelist, bent on demonstrating the immutability of boy-nature, depicted a couple of juvenile characters playing conkers in the first Elizabeth's reign?

Ulmus procera is a native tree, or at least it may be, but the plantings of elm which virtually make the 'typical' landscape of so much of eastern England, did not begin until the 17th century; and the much-planted Dutch elm was not even introduced here until 1750. Still more significant, elm does not readily grow from seed in our climate. And the change continues briskly: we may lose the elms altogether, for the fungus *Ceratostomella ulmi*, either itself lethal or vector of a lethal virus, seems, after a brief check, to have taken a new lease of vigour. Two small elms of my own have died of this Dutch Elm Disease this summer.

To the eye which really sees trees, that lovely conifer *Metasequoia glyptostroboides*, the Dawn Redwood, still looks strange in an English planting: 50 years hence it may seem to have been here since trees began. In point of fact it was known only as a fossil until - the story is well known - some living specimens were found in Hupeh in 1947. In 1949 there were a few seedlings in nurserymen's hands. Today it is not uncommon, and the oldest Dawn Redwoods in Britain are this year bearing their first cones. If its timber is of no use, this tree will remain an occasional ornament, like that other fossil, preserved only in the precincts of Chinese temples, the Maidenhair Tree.

But let woodworkers find a use for it, and it will be as common as larch.

City Lights

TAURUS

The various cuts in American foreign expenditure announced last week may turn out to be merely the beginning of an economy drive. These particular cuts seem likely to affect only lavish and indiscriminate expenditure, and they will come into effect only gradually; but they are also estimated to save only $1 billion of a payment deficit which this year, the short-term drift out of dollars offsetting the improved trade balance, is likely to amount to nearly $4 billion. It was President Eisenhower, of course, who announced the cuts, and it is President Eisenhower's advisers who have this week failed to squeeze out of the Germans anything more than Dr Adenauer, election- and taxation-conscious, had already decided to offer. But Mr Kennedy will not be able to ignore the short-term problem of confidence in the dollar which the Republicans have left him. It is easy enough to say that the West must have a rational plan for aid as well as for defence and that everyone must contribute according to their means: the real need is to create an atmosphere in which the West is ready to run its economy full out to provide as much assistance as the poorer countries can usefully absorb.

This will not be easy at a time when everyone, including the rich uncle, is worried about his balance of payments and either restricting imports or mounting an export drive. The

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danger, for all our apparent sophistication, is that the parts should force themselves idle while the whole is longing for maximum production. Mr Kennedy is full of hope: but what the West needs next is a 43-year-old to take charge of things at the International Monetary Fund.

* * *

The US gold stock is now all but below the $18 billion mark – a critical point no more important in itself than the turning-points of the Dow Jones theorists, but important because of the natural public wish to have something to recognise a crisis by. The Ford bid will give the US reserve another push down, underlining the fact that America's payments difficulties are largely due to the tendency of its capitalists to find more profitable investment opportunities abroad than at home: Mr Kennedy's gay suggestion that everything would come out straight if other countries allowed their capitalists freedom to invest in the US is reminiscent of the UK minister who, visiting Canada recently, suggested that capital-hungry Canadians might do well to invest in the UK.

The fact that the Ford bid was approved is no more surprising than the fact that a promising debate turned out to be a damp squib. The tone of Mr Lloyd's explanation – his careful stressing of the fact that this particular bid was approved on the circumstances of the case (and, specifically, because control already lay with US Ford) and that circumstances might dictate a different decision next time – was more surprising than either. Indeed, he made a major break with the past in conceding that the Treasury had considered the bid price and found it 'not outside the reasonable range of negotiation'. Perhaps the Tories are now moving away from dogmatic freedom to a more comfortable pragmatism. Perhaps Mr Lloyd was hinting that investors should now save the country by turning down the Ford bid from Detroit as inadequate.

The bid, in fact, is 145s 6d a share, against a price before the bid of 91s 3d and a high point for the year (on bid rumours) of 120s 3d. Though generous in appearance, it comes at a time when motor share prices are depressed: and it values Ford, even on the latest forecast of depressed profits, more cheaply than the run of blue-chips. The private investor relies on the institutions to lead the day for something better, but the institutions are shy of ganging up together. They will do nothing, in any case, until they receive a formal offer; because the US authorities insist on a quite un-English disclosure of information in these cases, it will be several weeks yet before the formal offer comes.

* * *

The latest merchant bank merger, between Robert Benson, Lonsdale and Kleinworts, follows the established pattern – one bank concentrating on old-style acceptance and deposits business (respectable but unremunerative) combining with another which has concentrated on issues, mergers, investment advice, and profitably so on. The only two differences in this case are that both firms are equally old – Kleinworts began in Cuban sugar and Bensons in Liverpool textiles 150 years ago – and that the more dynamic is becoming the major partner. The interesting question (apart from the reason why Benson shares jumped on the last afternoon after six months of well-preserved secrecy) is what comes next: the small, investment-conscious banks have been snapped up so rapidly that there are now only one or two left to match the many, large and small, old-style merchant banks which are trying to adapt themselves to the new expertise. The real danger is that the process of amalgamation may force everyone into respectability.

Company News

British Motor is now apparently, if only for reasons of financial stringency to spread out its expansion plans: its threat to meet reduced output with higher prices is presumably rhetorical.

Standards profits are expectedly down, now that it has lost its tractors: the question is whether it is doing as badly at present as everyone supposes and whether it can still afford to be so choosey about merger terms.

Total, a subsidiary of the third-owned French government CFP, has at last invaded the petrol market: for price-cutting, which Total regards as 'disreputable', we have still to wait on decisions by Warburgs and Signor Mattei.

Warburgs, however, is busy at the moment in advising Prince Littler on what to do with the properties – nearly £7m of them, but on a theatre valuation – owned by the *Stoll, Moss Empires,* and *Howards & Wyndhams.* Mr Clore, whose only invasion into theatre has not been very successful from a theatrical point of view, has at least done for Mr Littler's shareholders what he did for those of Mr Combe of Watney's: the bid was fought off, but the directors are now to do for themselves what Mr Clore would have done for them.

The Spectator
CHRISTMAS NUMBER

this week contains a short story, 'Something Strange', by Kingsley Amis; the 'John Bull's Schooldays' of William Golding; a new (and characteristic) party game described by Patrick Campbell; a nostalgic, though not too nostalgic, recollection of *Picture Post* by Kenneth Allsop; a report from Nigeria by Bernard Levin; and homage to Betjeman from Christopher Hollis.

And a convivial supplement, presided over by Cyril Ray, which includes discourses on food and drink from Elizabeth David, Gerard Fay and Robin McDouall; and Leslie Adrian giving advice on Christmas presents.

And reviews by Kingsley Amis, Donald Davie, Andrew Forge, Penelope Gilliatt, Geoffrey Grigson, Dan Jacobson, Roy Jenkins, Frank Kermode, John Mortimer, N. F. Simpson, John Wain and Evelyn Waugh.

And poems by Thom Gunn and Ted Hughes.

And cartoons by Trog, Blake, Maurice Bartlett, Timothy and Ed. Fisher.

SPECTATOR

NOVEMBER 25, 1960 2/-

The Chess Board

No. 576 Gens Una Sumus

This proud and pleasing motto of the *Fédération Internationale des Echecs* was, once again, truly justified at the Team Tournament. It was pleasing, indeed, at Leipzig to see and hear the USSR winners and the USA runners-up cheered with equal fervour and their national anthems honoured with equal respect. And when Mikhail Tal concluded the prize-giving ceremonies with a very nice little impromptu speech pointing to the obvious lesson the statesmen of the world could learn from us chessplayers, the entire audience representing forty nations, stood up and cheered. With a twinkle in his eye the world champion added that he for one had only one complaint: things were getting tougher and tougher for him since people were playing better and better chess. Of course he was alluding to our own Penrose whose victory over the world champion had provided the congress with its last minute sensation. Penrose modestly disclaims some of the credit by reminding us that he simply adopted the strategy successfully used by the Finnish master Ojanen in just that Benoni variation when he beat Keres in a match-game last May. In a concluding article in a month or two I am going to print that game to show that a good deal of the credit should go to Penrose anyway. Moreover, he happened to know the game, and Tal didn't.

1) P-Q4, Kt-KB3; 2) P-QB4, P-K3; 3) Kt-QB3, P-B4; 4) P-Q5, PxP; 5) PxP, P-Q3; 6) P-K4, P-KKt3; 7) B-Q3, B-Kt2; 8) KKt-K2, O-O; 9) O-O, P-QR3; 10) P-QR4, Q-B2; 11) P-KR3, QKt-Q2; 12) P-B4, R-K1 [In the post-mortem Tal suggested that he should have played . . . R-Kt1 at once, saving an important tempo: five moves later]; 13) Kt-Kt3, P-B5; 14) B-B2, Kt-B4; 15) Q-B3, KKt-Q2; 16) B-K3, P-QKt4; 17) PxP, R-Kt1; 18) Q-B2, PxP; 19) P-K5, PxP; 20) P-B5! [Penrose told us that the more obvious PxP could have been countered by . . . R-B1], B-Kt2; 21) R-Q1, B-R1 [The world champion consumed about half an hour for this move]; 22) QKt-K4!, Kt-R5 [The game now is demonstrably lost, but it is hard to say what else Black should play]; 23) BxKt, PxB; 24) PxP, BPxP; 25) Q-B7 ch, K-R1; 26) Kt-B5, Q-R2 [Tal, in the post-mortem, suggested that, to give up the Queen for two pieces might have given him better 'swindle'-chances in the ensuing time-scramble]; 27) QxKt, QxQ; 28) KtxQ, RxP; 29) Kt-Kt6, R-Kt6; 30) KtxBP, R-Q1; 31) P-Q6, R-B6; 32) R-B1, RxR; 33) RxR, B-Q4; 34) Kt-Kt6, B-Kt6; 35) Kt-K4, P-R3; 36) P-Q7, B-B1; 37) R-B8, B-K2; 38) B-B5, B-R5; 39) P-Kt3, resigns.

Tal had less than five minutes for his last dozen moves and less than half a minute for his last five or six. Penrose had over five minutes in hand and was admirably calm in the face of an almost hysterical crowd pressing round the board. This, of course, was the only game lost by the USSR team at Leipzig. Moreover, ever since Blackburne beat Lasker at Hastings 1895 or London 1899 – I'm not quite sure which, and I have no means of checking here – this is the first occasion of a British player beating the reigning world champion in a tournament game.

The Competition this week is fittingly made up of prize-winners dedicated to the Team Tournament. The 4-pointer may be facilitated for beginners by the useful hint that, so as to force a mate in 7, the Rooks and the King are involved in a good deal of what children call 'playing He'. For 6 & 7 ladder-points **B** is a win and **C** a draw; they are both very neat studies, and far from easy. Usual prizes. Entries by 5 December.

A: A. Herberg 1960

B: O. Weinberger 1960: /8/6p1/5P2/4b1P1/8/k7/P7/7K/.

C: A. S. Gurvitch 1960: /16/6k1/8/2p3kt1/8/3P2K1/4b2B/.

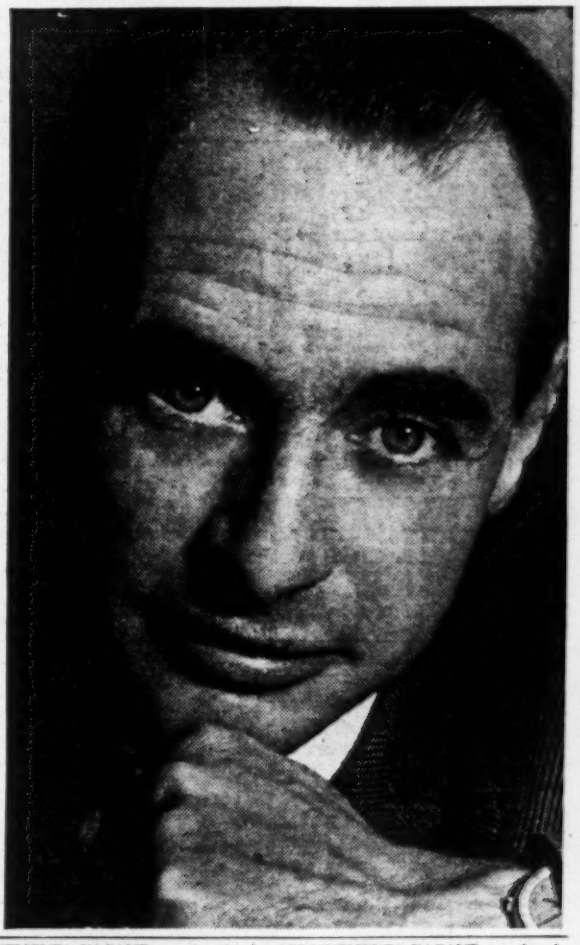
REPORT on No. 573 Set 5 November

A: 1) B-Q1??, R-K8!! etc.
B: 1) K-R6 (thr.: Kt-Kt4-B6), B-B4(best); 2) B-B8!, BxB; 3) P-B5, BxP; 4) P-Kt3!!, any; 5) Kt-Kt4, BxKt stalemate.
C: 1) K-Kt6, Kt-B1 ch(best); 2) K-Kt7, Kt-K2; 3) B-Kt3 ch, K-Q2; 4) Kt(8)-B6 ch, K-Q1; 5) B-B7 ch!, KtxB; 6) Kt-K5!-etc. If 2) . . . K-Q2; 3) Kt(4)-B6 ch, K-Q1; 4) B-R5 mate.

Many bouquets and correct solutions. Prizes: C. Allen, J. W. Atkinson, S. N. Collings, J. W. Eccleson, C. Sansom.

ASSIAC

SECRETS OF THE WHITE NILE



THE search for the sources of the Nile produced one of the bitterest controversies in the history of British exploration.

Richard Burton and John Speke, Samuel Baker, Henry Stanley and the great David Livingstone — all were involved in the grim struggle for the river's secret.

The dramatic story of their exploits is now told by

ALAN MOOREHEAD

with all the descriptive brilliance which has marked his earlier books on Africa.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The Regional Office for Europe in Copenhagen of The World Health Organization invites applications for a post of

TRANSLATOR/EDITOR

Duties include translation from French and Russian into English and editing a variety of texts in English. The documents concerned are sometimes highly technical. The incumbent will be responsible for the style and accuracy of the texts and should be able to work without revision.

English mother-tongue. Sound knowledge of French and Russian.

Education at university level with qualifications in French and Russian. Some scientific background would be an asset.

Previous experience in translation and editorial work is required.

Annual salary equivalent to $4,800 or $6,000, according to qualifications, plus allowances.

Initial appointment would be for two years.

Apply: Personnel Officer, World Health Organization, Regional Office for Europe, 8 Scherfigsvej, Copenhagen O, Denmark.

BRITISH COUNCIL
RECRUITMENT PROGRAMME 1961

I. General Service Entry: Honours graduates (Science or Arts). Age 21 to 35.

II. Studentships: Postgraduate training to teach English as a foreign language.

Booklet 'Appointments 1961' and application forms from Recruitment Department, 65 Davies Street, London, W1. Quote A.61.NS.

CLINIC Supervisor (married woman) required by North Kensington Marriage Welfare Centre (member of the Family Planning Association) for day and evening sessions. No Saturdays. Salary by arrangement. Apply in writing to General Secretary, 12 Telford Road, W10.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

GOVERNMENT OF NORTHERN RHODESIA

Social Welfare Organiser, male, preferably between 25 and 40, who will be responsible to Director of Social Welfare, for the training of Social Workers (African and European) at University and Sub-University levels. University degree or Diploma in Social Science, with experience in the training of Social Workers (especially Social Case Workers) essential. (A related degree in Economics, Psychology or Sociology would be acceptable if candidate has necessary experience). Post permanent and pensionable. Salary at appropriate point in scale £1,315 to £1,950 p.a. (Special interim allowance of 5% of salary also payable). Quarters at low rental. Free passages. Generous home leave. Low income tax. Further particulars and application forms from Director of Recruitment, Colonial Office, London, SW1, quoting BCD.130/3/04/A4. Candidates should state their full names when applying.

UNIVERSITY College London (Gower St, WC1) will have vacancies on administrative staff after Christmas for three well-educated women with secretarial training, experience in committee work in large organisation, and drafting ability. Some executive experience an advantage. Initial salary £675-£800 depending on qualifications and experience. Good holidays; pension. Applications to Assistant Secretary.

HOUSEKEEPER reqd for family & painting group. Daily kept. ARC. 2497

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR EDUCATIONAL RESEARCH IN ENGLAND AND WALES

Applications are invited for the post of Research Officer to take charge, under the Senior Research Officer, of the development and operation of the Foundation's Test Services. Candidates should be graduates with either an Honours degree in Psychology or with post-graduate qualifications in Psychology or Education. Knowledge of the methods used in the construction of ability and attainment tests will be expected and some teaching experience will be an advantage.

Salary scale £1,100 by £50 to £1,450. Placement according to qualifications. Particulars and application forms from the Director, NFER, 79 Wimpole Street, London, W1.

Closing date: 7 December 1960.

SOUTHAMPTON

A Child Care Officer is required. Applications are invited from suitably trained and experienced candidates. Essential car users; allowance payable, and the officer will be required to undertake the full range of duties. Salary within special scale (£665-£975). Forms of application from E. P. Brown, Children's Officer, 316 Winchester Road, Southampton.

LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL
CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT
CHILD WELFARE OFFICERS

Applications are invited from suitably qualified and/or experienced men and women for appointment as Child Welfare Officers for duty at one of nine Area Children's Offices in County of London. Duties as generally for social workers in the child care field. A considerable amount of travelling is involved.

Candidates should have adequate previous experience of child care or allied social work; possession of Home Office Certificate in Child Care or certificate in Applied Social Studies and/or appropriate academic qualifications and experience. Opportunities for promotion. Application forms and further details obtainable from the Children's Officer, (E1/NS/2877/11), LCC, County Hall, London, SE1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

MIDDLESEX COUNTY COUNCIL
EDUCATION DEPT

(1) ASSISTANT YOUTH OFFICER (woman) reqd in Ealing. Good education, practical exper. &/or training in youth or social work essential. Knowledge of work of Youth Service desirable. Salary Misc. IV/V £625-760 plus London Weighting up to £40. Commencing salary will be determined having regard to quals & prev. exper. Application forms & particulars (s.a. f'scap.e.) from Borough Education Officer, 26 Castlebar Rd, Ealing, W5, returnable by 7 December.

(2) Applications invited from persons with training & exper. for following posts in Willesden:

(A) PART-TIME LEADERS (male)

(B) PART-TIME ASSISTANT LEADERS (female)
—Jewish Boys & Mixed Clubs

(C) PART-TIME LEADERS

(D) PART-TIME ASSISTANT LEADERS
—Mixed Clubs

Remuneration 35s. or 29s. 6d. for posts (a) & (c) accdg to quals & 22s. for posts (b) & (d). Full particulars & application form (s.a.e.) from Borough Education Officer, 163 Willesden Lane, NW6, returnable by 4 December.

CHILDREN'S DEPT

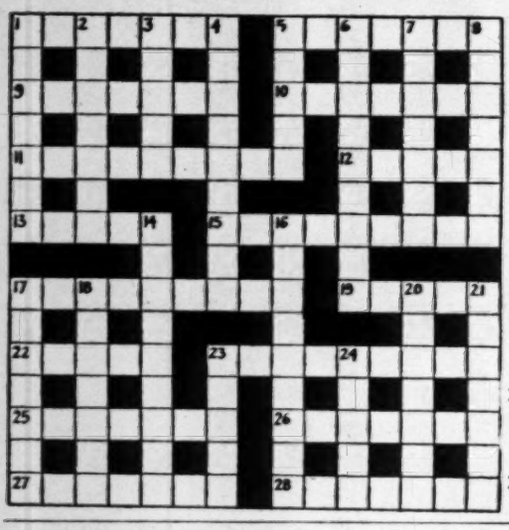
(3) SUPERVISOR reqd at St Helena's Remand Home for Girls, Ealing, W13. Salary £560 – 640 less £120 p.a. for board & lodging. 5 weeks holiday p.a., 1½ days off p.wk. with other liberal off duty times. Duties consist of supervising girls age 16 & under at housework, games & crafts. Application form (send s.a.f'scap e.) from Children's Officer, 20 Vauxhall Bridge Rd, SW1, returnable by 12 December.

All posts: Prescribed conditions (Quote D.506 NS & N).

ESSEX. Friends' School, Saffron Walden, an Independent co-educational boarding school managed by a committee of the Society of Friends: required at the beginning of the Summer Term 1961 for one term only, a master or mistress to take the place of the Senior History Master while he is absent on Sabbatical leave. Applications, giving the names of two referees, should be sent as soon as possible to the Headmaster.

Week-end Crossword 433

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 433, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 6 December.



ACROSS

1. The flyers escaped and ran lots (7).
5. The bird has a bit of a race with a footballer (7).
9. One of these workers is healthier (7).
10. Stretch of water with a girl in the middle (7).
11. A building facing backwards in an evil city (9).
12. Saint who discovers most of all denunciation (5).
13. Writer with no word of agreement (5).
15. Roman dead butchered for a woman (9).
17. Soldiers show there is nothing in the orders (9).
19. 'My right ——— has a fascination that few can resist' (Gilbert) (5).
22. Something magic about the East has declined (5).
23. Part of plane made correct without measurements (9).
25. Catlike as a cat and its lives (7).
26. Issue among stout comedians (7).
27. Spicy joke in front of a man of breeding (7).
28. Rummage for the reply in the letter-holder (7).

DOWN

1. Abstain from music (7).
2. Disastrously for a plump friend (7).
3. Cartoonist as physician (5).
4. Hurry on, governors! This is before the driver (9).
5. Made fast, like a boy outside the church (5).
6. The bird gives page and monarch a line (9).
7. An irregular I belong to the base (7).
8. Festival about an insect in Hungarian music (7).
14. Can't get a seat on the tube: it supplies water (9).
16. Penny is hot on our disgrace (9).
17. 'And hang a pearl in every ———'s ear' (*M.N.D.*) (7).
18. Rain in a place of retreat with nothing on (7).
20. No label rewritten for a goddess (7).
21. Imposter making a call to arms? (7).
23. Fold a page with a complicated tale (5).
24. Flogged beheaded and consumed (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 431

B	A	L	D	W	I	N	■	M	A	C
U	■	I	■	A	■	O	■	I	■	R
C	O	V	E	R	■	D	I	S	H	C
O	■	E	■	D	■	S	■	C	■	O
L	U	S	T	R	E	■	D	E	C	R
!	■	T	■	E	■	P	■	L	■	O
C	R	O	S	S	B	I	L	L	S	■
■	■	C	■	S	■	C	■	A	■	O
D	I	K	E	■	M	A	I	N	S	P
E	■	■	M	■	R	■	Y	■	P	E
C	O	M	P	O	S	E	S	■	B	O
I	■	A	■	M	■	S	■	K	■	S
B	U	R	L	E	S	Q	U	E	■	I
E	■	R	■	N	■	U	■	E	■	T
L	A	Y	E	T	T	E	■	P	R	E

A	L	D	W	I	N	■	M	A	C	A
■	I	■	A	■	O	■	I	■	R	■
C	O	V	E	R	■	D	I	S	H	C
■	E	■	D	■	S	■	C	■	O	■
L	U	S	T	R	E	■	D	E	C	R
■	T	■	E	■	P	■	L	■	O	■
C	R	O	S	S	B	I	L	L	S	■
■	C	■	S	■	C	■	A	■	O	■
D	I	K	E	■	M	A	I	N	S	P
E	■	■	M	■	R	■	Y	■	P	E
C	O	M	P	O	S	E	S	■	B	O
I	■	A	■	M	■	S	■	K	■	S
B	U	R	L	E	S	Q	U	E	■	I
E	■	R	■	N	■	U	■	E	■	T
L	A	Y	E	T	T	E	■	P	R	E

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 431

E. E. B. Shivas (Aberdeen)
R. R. Say (Leeds)
R. T. Griffiths (Mold)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL
CHILDREN'S COMMITTEE

Risley Hall School, Risley, Near Derby

Applications are invited from men up to the age of 45 with a flair for working with and assessing boys of 13/17 years and with some experience of social work, for a post as Housemaster at this intermediate approved school. Candidates should preferably be in possession of a social science diploma or other approved qualification. Salary £625 p.a. rising to £910 p.a. or £1,015 p.a. if qualified, otherwise maximum £760 p.a., less £120 p.a. if resident. House available for renting to married man. Write to Mrs M. R. Spence, Children's Officer, Shire Hall, Nottingham, for application form and further particulars, quoting Est.176.

A. R. DAVIS,
Clerk of the County Council.

EAST SUSSEX COUNTY COUNCIL
CHILDREN'S COMMITTEE
GIRLS' REMAND HOME, HASSOCKS

SUPERINTENDENT required for a Remand Home for 18 girls, at Hassocks, near Haywards Heath, recently opened and organised on open and experimental lines. Salary, on a scale of 5 increments within the range of £930-£1,350, to be fixed in accordance with qualifications and experience. Appointment superannuable and subject to medical examination.

Application forms (s.a.e.) and particulars from Children's Officer, County Hall, Lewes, returnable within ten days from this advertisement.

BRISTOL COUNCIL OF SOCIAL SERVICE (INC.)

Applications are invited for the post of SUPERVISOR OF STUDENT TRAINING. The department accepts students from University Social Studies Courses and from Generic Courses as well as from the Home Office and the Institute of Almoners. Applicants should have a professional Casework qualification and experience in supervision. Salary according to qualification and experience in the scale £850-£1,000 plus 5% superannuation contribution. The appointment is for three years in the first instance.

Particulars from the General Secretary, Bristol Council of Social Service, 9 Elmdale Road, Bristol 8.

COUNTY Borough of Oldham. Children's Department. Applications invited for the new post of Assistant Prevention Officer (female) in the Children's Department. Salary within the scale £655 to £960 per annum according to qualifications and experience. It is desirable that candidates should have Social Science qualifications and/or experience of family case work. The successful candidate will assist the Prevention Officer in an extension of her case work with the families of children neglected in their own homes and with the rehabilitation of children already in care. Applications, giving the names and addresses of two referees, to be sent to Children's Officer, Greaves Street, Oldham within 14 days of this advertisement.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

NEWCASTLE GENERAL HOSPITAL
DEPARTMENT OF PSYCHOLOGICAL MEDICINE
CLINICAL PSYCHOLOGIST

Psychologist (whole-time) reqd for the above dept, which is associated with King's College Medical School, University of Durham, and is part of the Professorial Unit of Psychological Medicine. The post is in the basic grade and the appointment may be made either on the probationary or post-probationary scale according to the status of the successful candidate.

Salary in accordance with the Whitley Council Scale.

Applications, together with names and addresses of two referees, should be sent to the Secy, Newcastle Genl Hospl, Westgate Rd, Newcastle upon Tyne 4, from whom any further information can be obtained.

EDITORIAL Staff – An old-established and expanding insurance journal with international associations and with statistical analysis of company accounts as the basis for much of its work has a vacancy for a statistical clerk, accuracy with figures and good handwriting being essential qualifications. The opportunity exists for the right man to go up on the editorial side of the paper. Any knowledge of journalistic techniques, insurance and/or foreign languages would be an asset. Desirable age 25-35. Please write with full details, including salary required to Box 8773.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ESSEX
STANFORD-LE-HOPE YOUTH CENTRE

Applications are invited for the post of WARDEN of this Centre which offers formal classes in Commercial and Craft subjects and recreational activities for over 600 members.

Candidates should hold a degree, teaching Certificate or Diploma/Certificate in Social Studies or Youth Leadership and must have had experience in Youth work.

Salary in accordance with Grade II of the Committee's scale for Wardens of Youth Centres, viz. £925 x £30(6) x £20(1) to £1,125 per annum. The scale is subject to additions for training and graduate qualifications if in accordance with Burnham Further Education Salary Report conditions.

Further details and application forms obtainable from Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford. Closing date 7 December 1960.

WESTMINSTER Hospital, SW1, requires Psychiatric Social Worker for work with both adults and children, outpatients and in-patients. National Health Service salary scale. Qualified worker preferred, but applications from others with relevant experience will be considered. Post vacant 5 December. The Hospital may be visited by arrangement with the Physician-in-Charge. Applications giving names of two referees to Assistant Secy.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CAN YOU SEE ANYTHING WRONG IN THIS?

'The pump is of the double acting type and the handle is separate to the pulling handle of the truck, giving the truck a greater operational advantage in the worst confined areas'.

WANTED – a man who can think clearly and put it down in crisp, clean English. It would be a great help if he is an engineer. But this is not absolutely essential provided he has a genuine interest and sympathy with the subject. He will be supplied with an inexhaustible supply of clichéd jargonese and required to turn it, at high speed, into something understandable and, above all, non-boring. Plenty of scope for original writing too in Rowse Muir, a young progressive technical publishing house. Full details to Editorial Director, 77 Charlotte St, W1.

STANLEY HOUSE

Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Warden, full time at the above community centre in Liverpool, 8. The duties of the Assistant Warden will be to assist with the organisation of Social and Recreational Activities for a mixed membership of some 300 adults from Liverpool and Commonwealth countries. Candidates should have had previous experience in social and/or Youth Work. Salary £500 per annum. Residential accommodation including fuel and lighting is available at the centre free of charge. Application forms may be obtained from the Hon. Secretary, Stanley House, Upper Parliament St, Liverpool and should be returned by 20 December 1960.

THE Scientific Civil Service needs men and women for pensionable posts as (a) Senior Scientific Officers and (b) Scientific Officers in all major fields, including Physics; Engineering; Chemistry; Meteorology; Mathematics and Biological subjects. Age limits: (a) at least 26 and under 32, (b) at least 21 and under 29. Extension for regular Forces service and Overseas Civil Service. Qualifications: normally first or second class honours degree in science, mathematics or engineering, or equivalent attainment; additionally for (a), at least 3 years' relevant (e.g. post-graduate) experience. Selection by interview. London salaries (men): (a) £1,330-£1,640, (b) £730-£1,205; provision for starting pay above minimum. Promotion prospects. Write Civil Service Commission, 17 North Audley Street, London, W1, for application form, quoting (a) S/53/60, (b) S/52/60.

MEDICAL Research Council require a woman graduate under 30 to assist with the administrative work of the Medical Division at their Headquarters Office. Ability to compile and collate information, draft memoranda and correspondence essential. Experience of office organisation and interest in the biological sciences an advantage. Starting salary between £638 and £890, on a scale rising to £1,005. Prospects of promotion to a higher grade. Superannuation provision. Applications (full details and names of two professional or business referees) to Medical Research Council (quoting F2/29), 38 Old Queen Street, London, SW1.

MARKET RESEARCH—AUSTRALIA

Applications are invited for the post of **Market Research Manager** of W. D. & H. O. Wills (Australia) Ltd. in Sydney, New South Wales. The Manager will have sole responsibility in the control and design of research projects.

Candidates should possess the following qualifications:

1. A good Honours degree, preferably with psychology as a main subject.
2. At least three years' experience as an executive in market research in this country, including product and advertisement testing.
3. Wide experience in the use and development of psychological methods and experimental design with market research problems, plus a sound grasp and understanding of statistics.

The successful candidate, who should preferably be between 28 and 35 years of age, will be working permanently in Australia. Interviews will take place immediately in London. First-class passages out will be provided and there will be assistance with removal and settling in expenses.

All applications should be addressed to Box H. 725, W.P.S., 4 Holborn Circus, EC1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Senior Lectureships in Education. Applications are invited for two positions of Senior Lecturer in Education. One appointment will be made in the field of Educational Psychology and the other in the field of the Philosophy of Education. Other things being equal, preference will be given to candidates whose interests lie in one or more of the fields of Learning Theory, Curriculum, or Secondary Education. The salary for a Senior Lecturer is within the range £A2,550 x 95 – £A3,000 per annum, plus cost of living adjustments and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 23 December 1960.

VICTORIA University of Wellington, New Zealand. Lectureship in Political Science. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position. The salary will be £1,250 p.a. rising by annual increments of £75 to £1,700 p.a. The initial salary will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee. Approved fares to Wellington will be allowed for the appointee, his wife and dependent children. In addition, actual removal expenses will be allowed within certain limits. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 16 January 1961.

MIDDLESEX County Council. County Health Dept. Psychiatric Social Workers reqd for both pre- & after-care in Community Care Service. Adequate office accommodation & clerical assistance available. Offers scope for individual interest in this developing field of psychiatric social work. There is establishment of 10 psychiatric social workers, & a County Psychiatric Social Work Organiser has been appointed. Casework consultation with exper. psychiatric social workers available for newly qualified. PTA quals & salary. Established Prescribed conditions. Car allowance payable. Particulars & 2 referees to the County Medical Officer, Ref. 'S' 3, 5 & 7 Old Queen St, SW1 by 27 December. (Quote E.839 NS).

FOUNTAIN and Carshalton Group Hospital Management Committee. 'Brooklands' Residential Unit, Reigate. Following on the research programme recently conducted in this Unit under the auspices of the Mental Health Research Fund a new establishment has been created for a suitably trained teacher to take charge of the educational activities of the sixteen mentally handicapped children in this Home. It is anticipated that the successful candidate will have a wide experience of nursery education and will be able to co-operate in any future research activities conducted in this Unit. The post is non-resident and carries the appropriate Burnham salary for Head Teachers. Applications, giving details of qualifications, age and experience, should be sent to the Hospital Secretary, Fountain Hospital, Tooting Grove, London, SW17.

ST CLEMENT'S Hospital, Bow Road, E3. Psychiatric Social Worker required. Whitley Council salary and conditions. St Clement's Hospital is being developed as a psychiatric hospital of approximately 120 beds, taking mainly informal patients but with a small number of beds reserved for compulsory admissions. New wards and a day hospital are being opened shortly and a new out-patient department early next year. There will be liaison with the local health authorities, and the post offers considerable opportunity to a worker interested in developing a service under the new Mental Health Act. Applications with the names of two referees, to Lindsay Nicholas, Group Secretary, St Clement's Hospital, Bow Road, London, E3. (Quote Ref. S/3).

MALADJUSTED Children. Assistant Housemother required at boarding school for maladjusted children, £200/£250 p.a. plus board and lodging. Six weeks holiday. Apply W. David Wills, Bodenham Manor, Hereford.

AS a result of the retirement of the present Matron the Jewish Blind Society invites applications for the post of Matron at its Bournemouth Holiday Home. Excellent accommodation. Contributory staff pension scheme. Persons with nursing experience should apply to The Secretary, 1 Craven Hill, W2.

YOUNG man or woman required for experimental work in a rural area with young people, unattached to youth organisations. Interesting post demanding initiative and intelligence. Particulars and application form from NAMC & GC, 30 Devonshire Street, W1.

WANTED: one or two girls to assist Christmas. Woodlands Holiday Camp, Nr Sevenoaks, Kent.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

A PROMOTION Officer is required by the Council Of Industrial Design to steer its expanding promotional work. Candidates should have a university degree, some public relations experience and evidence of ability to write and to co-ordinate the work of others. They should have a keen interest in industrial design. The age limits are approximately 28-40. The starting salary will be according to experience in the scale £1,295 to £1,630. The scale is under review. There is a pension scheme and 4½ weeks' holiday a year. Further details and an application form may be obtained from the Recruitment Officer, COID, 28 Haymarket, SW1.

ASSISTANT Matron required January for boarding house for 11-12 year old boys and girls. Working under Housemother. Previous experience not essential, but interest in children and domesticity desirable. Opportunity for joining in community life of school. Applications with names of two referees, to Headmaster, St Christopher School, Letchworth, Herts.

RESIDENT master required January to teach Maths and General Science (with emphasis on Biology) to 'O' level. Small classes, individual tuition. Country school, SW. Box 8763.

SUMMERHILL. 2 teachers, Biology, History, Geography; Infants. A. S. Neill, Leiston, Suffolk.

CLUB Leaders. Expd part-time Club Leaders, male and female, reqd by flourishing Jewish Youth Club (mixed) in NW London. Generous salary. Write giving full partics of experience to Box 8846.

NATIONAL newspaper requires young executive (25-35) for its foreign business activities. Newspaper experience desirable, initiative and drafting ability essential. Good salary, pensionable position. Please write Box 8832.

ANY member of The Society of Friends between 30 and 55 with a good administrative background, ready to undertake exacting, interesting and valuable work for a reasonable salary, should apply with details of education and experience to Box 8785.

WM Whiteley Ltd require the following staff: Assistant Buyer for Book Department. Christmas temporary staff (women only). Good salaries, staff discount, staff canteen. Apply Personnel Manager, Wm Whiteley Ltd, Queensway, London, W2.

EDITORIAL Assistant required for the layout and production of an architectural weekly. Must have progressive ideas in design, but knowledge of architecture not essential. Write giving details of age, experience and salary required to Box 8748.

TUTOR required for two girls, 8 and 6, central London home. Children have reached good standard but been withdrawn from school because over-regulated atmosphere. General education needed from 9.30-1 each morning. £6 weekly. Box 8761.

COMMITTEE Clerk (with shorthand and typing): graduate preferred. Salary scale £600 x £25 – £750; superannuation and one month's annual holiday. Write giving details of age, qualifications and experience to the Secretary, University of London Institute of Education, Malet Street, WC1.

MEDICAL Research Council require Secretary/Shorthand Typist in Research Grants Section at headquarters office, 38 Old Queen Street, Westminster, SW1. Good shorthand and typing speeds essential. Salary at point on scale rising to £626 12s. per annum. Extra allowance for proficiency. Prospects of promotion. Superannuation: three weeks' holiday; five day week. Applications with names of two referees to Medical Research Council at above address. Please quote E2/16.

EFFICIENT bi-lingual (French and English) Shorthand-Typist required by Jewish organisation in Westminster. Experience in other office duties an advantage. Five-day week, good working conditions, LV's, pension scheme. Please write giving details of past experience to Box 8864.

A GENUINE selection of attractive office posts. Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes St, Hanover Sq., W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

WIDOWER (travelled) anxiously seeks enlightened lady keep home. Paramount: affection, feed two intelligent motherless schoolgirls 12, 16 (charwoman, rough work). Comfortable Hampstead flat, piano, television, records, books. Davis, 36 Compayne Gdns, Ldn, NW6. MAI 6543.

DOCTOR'S Secretary, Mid Dec. '60 to about March '61. Hours Mon.-Fri. 9.30-5.30, but ample free time since consultations only 3 days a week. WEL. 5066.

EMBASSY, W1, reqs Sec. S/T., 20/30. £11. Good hours. Apply Mina Ash Bureau, 19 Conduit St, W1. HYD. 1738/9.

SYBIL Topham of Dutton's Agy wishes to interview (a) experienced Shorthand/copy typists for temporary staff (b) competent Secretaries for interesting posts £650-£800 92 Gt Russell Street, WC1 MUS 7379

MEDICAL Secretaries and Receptionists required for Drs, Dentists and Hospitals. Perm. and temp. M. & S. Agency, 32 Queen Victoria St, EC4. CITy 7131.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PART-time secretary for two business consultants and journalists. Mornings, not Sat. £5 to £6 p.w. Good typing essential, some shorthand advantageous. Phone or write Miss Gladys Burlton, 12 Cliveden Place, SW1. (SLO. 6729).

SECRETARY-Sh./typist with gd education & sec. exp. wanted for international musical association. Languages an asset. Write stating qualifications to Box 8890.

DETROIT comes to Dagenham but good secretaries come to Winifred Johnson (Bureau), 114 Holborn, EC1 (next door to Gamages), HOLborn 0390, for Tea, a Chat and a Job.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

WANTS stimulating and creative post, yng woman, Oxford grad., 5 years' publishing exp., fluent French, typing. Box 8762.

ACTIVE man 60, urg. needs work. Sec., research (lit., musical), accurate typg (own mach.). Can I help you? Box 8854.

YOUNG man (21) literary ability and journalistic training seeks position with publishing house, or journalistic post where these abilities could be developed. Willing to work way up. Box 8895.

EX-teacher aged 40 seeks residential post, adult education centre. Diverse interests. Own car. Box 8506.

HONS grad., f. 24, S/T., writing & edit. exp., versatile, sks job. Box 8881.

FELLOWSHIPS

BRITISH Institute of Archaeology at Ankara. Applications invited for Senior Fellowship for 1961/62, value £500 to include travelling expenses. Applicants must be of British Commonwealth nationality and graduates of a United Kingdom or Commonwealth University. Further particulars from the Secretary, British Institute of Archaeology at Ankara, 16 Bryanston Street, London, W1, to whom fourteen copies of application and testimonials should be sent by 7 January 1961. Applications also invited for Scholarship for 1961/62. Amount of award will depend on research proposed and circumstances of applicant, who must be of British Commonwealth nationality and a graduate of a United Kingdom or Commonwealth University. Further particulars from the Secretary, British Institute of Archaeology at Ankara, 16 Bryanston Street, London, W1, to whom fourteen copies of application and testimonials should be sent by 7 January 1960.

FELLOWSHIPS—continued

AUSTRALIAN National University. Institute of Advanced Studies. Research School of Social Sciences. Applications are invited for a Research Fellowship in the Department of History. The Department, under Professor Sir Keith Hancock, concentrates on the study of the history of Australia and of the British Commonwealth. To broaden the work of the Department a new Research Fellowship has been created. Applicants with qualifications in North American or Modern European History will be given the highest priority. The salary will be within a range, at present £A1,437 – £A2,152, which is under review. Appointment will be for three years, with possible extension to a maximum of five years. Superannuation is on the FSSU pattern. Reasonable travel expenses are paid, and assistance with housing is provided. Further particulars are available from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 30 December 1960.

THE University of Manchester. Simon Fellowships. The University offers a number of Simon Fellowships for advanced study or research in the social sciences. This term is used in a wide sense to include not only Economics, Government, etc., but equally, fields such as Education, Jurisprudence and Social Medicine. Values within the range of £1,150 – £2,050 per annum (Simon Research Fellowships) or within the range of £2,150 – £2,550 per annum (Simon Senior Research Fellowships), according to qualifications and experience. They are open to members of the public services as well as to persons with academic experience. Applications should be sent, by 15 January 1961, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars may be obtained, and who will be pleased to answer any enquiries regarding the scope of the Fellowships.

SCHOLARSHIPS

FRENSHAM Heights, Farnham, Surrey. (Co-educational Boarding School). Two Scholarships of £75 each (one may be for Music) to be awarded to boys or girls aged 11-13½ years on 1 September 1961. Examination in March. Details from the Headmaster.

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HOLIDAY TRAVEL

CHRISTMAS PLANS

30 days to Christmas and you haven't yet made your plans? Here are some suggestions:

SKIING IN THE ALPS;
CHRISTMAS/NEW YEAR PARTIES IN BRITAIN OR ON THE RIVIERA;
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INDIA, Ceylon, Malaya, Australia. Passage av to Bombay £53 10s., Colombo £56 10s., Singapore £81 10s., Sydney, via Panama, £150. Indian Natl Travels Ltd, 25 Bloomsbury Way, WC1. HOL. 1193.

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HOLIDAY TRAVEL—continued

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SWITZERLAND Inexpensive Holidays 196j. Families with children can book Chalets through the Swiss Ass. of Family Hostels in quiet and remote regions. Rents approx. 5s. per day for adults, 3s. for children. Free folder from Solvis & Co., (NS), 37 Oxford St, W1. REG. 5736/7.

NEW chauffeur-driven Humber Hawks, travelling to Estoril for Christmas. Few bookings available for December. £33 10s. per person (party of four). Enquiries Wheatley & Ptnrs., 23 Queens Parade, Hanger Lane, Ealing, W5. Tel. PER. 2701.

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WHITELEYS of BAYSWATER, W2,

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GRAVES	6s.
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Sample case of one bottle each of Graves, Vin Rose, Moulin à Vent 20s., of the 6 wines listed 40s. Case of 6 Graves and 6 Macon £3 10s. International Wine Tasting Selection of 12 Wines, one each from France (Burgundy), Italy, Germany, France (Alsace), Switzerland, Austria, Yugoslavia, Hungary, Russia, Bulgaria, Greece, Australia £5 5s. Outside free area add postage and packing 3 bottles 3s. 6d., 6 5s., over 6 10s. Send for full list of Christmas Gifts, Hampers and Wines. Phone orders BAY. 1234 (Ext. 127).

BLESSED Event – the arrival of that most-wanted-of-all gifts, superb El Cid Sherry. Harassed Christmas shoppers, take note – here's the way to earn beaming smiles of gratitude.

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FARMHOUSE School, Wendover, Bucks, situated in beautiful Chiltern countryside. A boarding and day school with a practical approach to educ. where girls run their own farm and take grammar school subjects to GCE levels. Wendover 2297.

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THE Town and Country School accepts a small group of boarders, boys and girls, from the age of five. Emphasis on Progress in Education, especially in the technique of Modern Language Teaching. 38/40 Eton Avenue, NW3. SWIss Cottage 3391. E. Paul, Ph.D.

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OFFICE Accommodation – six rooms (about 15ft x 8ft) available with post office and internal telephones, central heating, etc. Very reasonable rent. Enquiries to: The General Secretary, 6 Endsleigh Street, WC1. (EUS. 5501).

PERSONAL

SPANISH refugees, granted asylum and work permit, seek home and work in England. Husband, 55, writes English well, speaks less well; wife 46. Domestic service, au pair, anything considered. Urgent. Please write: G. Coca, 153 East End Road, East Finchley, London, N2.

TEACHER (f), nursing exp., free most weekends & from 23 Dec. to 8 Jan., sks any part-time work. Lon. area. Box 8809.

WIDOW or unmarried mother with boy about 7 years offered bed-sitter Highgate, c.h.w., cooker, etc, £2 10s. weekly. Boy looked after during day, share bedroom with own son. Box 8888.

FOGLESS Christmas – French writer wishes swap help (m.) in editing/typing British-flavoured book against hospitality in XVIth Century house near Aix. Box 8872.

EXCHANGE. German girl present age 17½ wishes to spend one month with English family Summer 1961. Offers same facilities in Düsseldorf. Box 8484.

YAS Mina Orphanage, home for 100 Algerian Refugees. Need for support urgently requested. They have suffered greatly. Collections of old spectacles and dentures bring good prices. Please help us. Collections to War On Want, 9 Madeley Rd., Ealing, W5. Carol parties helped us greatly last year.

RUSSIAN lessons given by ex Leningrad graduate. E.R., 31 Mowbray Rd, NW6.

ST PAUL de Vence. S/c. flat in country house to let Jan.-May. Box 8545.

FRENCH conversation required, one hour weekly over coffee. Box 8620.

MAN (50) wishes join social club, central London. Suggestions welc. Box 8715.

SCHOOLMASTER (30) reqs employment with accom. Christmas hol. Box 8749.

HOME in Chilterns for mother and child, share exps, chores. Box 8751.

RENT-free, Blackheath. Large furn. bed-sit., gas rings, h. & c., exchange (f. only) light help, 1-2 hrs daily and baby-sitting. For details write Box 8758.

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FOR versatile dance bands 'phone VAL. 7975 or BUC. 9496.

EVEN if you don't want a photograph of a Pierotti doll, there is likely to be something or body Anthony Panting could photograph for you. Ring MAI. 3200 or write to 30 Abbey Gdns, NW8 & find out.

A FAMILY History. A team of experts undertakes Genealogical and Heraldic Research and Art Work. Write first: C. R. Humphery-Smith, 239 Staines Road West, Sunbury-on-Thames, Middlesex, England.

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PERSONAL—continued

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LECTURES, etc—contd from p.860

UNIVERSITY College London (Gower St., WC1). Professor Sir Solly Zuckerman (Birmingham) will give the Rickman Godlee Lecture entitled 'The Social Function of Science – 1960' on Thursday 8 December at 5.30 p.m. Adm. free, without ticket – E. A. L. Gueterbock, Secretary.

UNIVERSITY College London, Gower St, WC1. Lunch Hour Lectures, 1.15-2. Admission free. 29 Nov. 'Contemporary French Politics and their Historical Background' by Professor Alfred Cobban. 1 Dec. 'The American Civil War and the Western World' by Professor H. C. Allen.

'IS Natural Theology possible?' – Bernard Williams, at Porcupine Public House, 48 Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (adjoining Leicester Sq. tube station), Monday 28 Nov., 6.30 p.m. Enquiries St. Anne's Society MAN. 0306

POETRY and Blues 9 p.m. Partisan 26 Nov. Troubadour 1 Dec.

PERSONALIST Group. J. B. Coates on 'The Labour Party Impasse: a way out?', Conway Hall, Fri. 2 Dec., 7.30 p.m.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Sq, SW1. Public Lecture Wed. 30 Nov. 6.30. 'Buddhism – the Spiritual Rationalism' Mr R. Percheron. Also Sat. 3 Dec. and alternate Saturdays at 3 p.m. Special Class for Children. For information ring TAT. 1313.

MRS Rose Hacker: 'Telling the Teenagers'; at 42A Westbere Road, NW2; Sat. 3 Dec. 2.45 Hampstead Humanist Soc.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30 Sun. 27 Nov. 5 Caledonian Road, Kings X. Rev. G. F. T. Paget King, 'The Coming Commonwealth'.

SPLACE Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1. Sun. 11 a.m. 27 Nov. Dr John Lewis, 'I change Worlds'. Chamber Music Concert 6.30 p.m. Tues. 7.15 p.m. 29 Nov. Blyth Thompson on 'South Africa, Past, Present & Future'. Open discussion. Write for free literature.

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LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

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Further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary for Teachers' Courses, 19 Leazes Terrace, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1. Applications should be received by him not later than 1 January 1961.

INSTITUTE OF PSYCHIATRY (University of London)

The next postgraduate course in clinical and educational psychology will start on 1 September 1961. The course, which covers a period of 13 months, prepares students for the University of London Postgraduate Diploma in Psychology (Section D – Abnormal Psychology). It is open to graduates with an honours degree in psychology or its equivalent. Applicants who propose to specialise in educational psychology must have appropriate training and experience in education.

Vacancies are limited and therefore further inquiries and applications should be made as soon as possible to the Psychology Department, Institute of Psychiatry, Maudsley Hospital, Denmark Hill, London, SE5.

INTENSIVE Secretarial Courses. Gregg and Pitman Shorthand. Frances King Secretarial School, 1a Harrington Road, SW7 KEN 4771.

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

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LECTURE CRSES, etc.—continued

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON INSTITUTE OF EDUCATION
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Enquiries should be addressed to the Registrar, University of London Institute of Education, Malet Street, London, WC1. Closing date for entries, 1 April 1961.

THE London School of Economics and Political Science. Applications are invited from experienced social workers, male and female, for places in the Mental Health Course, a one-year full-time course commencing October 1961. Grants for fees and maintenance are available for suitable applicants. This training qualifies for psychiatric social work in Child Guidance Clinics, Mental Hospitals and Local Authority Mental Health Service. It is also valuable for all kinds of social workers who wish for further supervised casework experience in a psychiatric setting. Candidates must hold a degree or certificate in the Social Sciences, and have had practical training and full-time employment in social work. The minimum age for acceptance is 22 years, but preference is given to those between 24 and 45. Applications should be made as soon as possible and not later than 1 February 1961. Further particulars may be obtained from the Senior Lecturer, Mental Health Course, London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, WC2, where the course will be held.

HOME Preparation for Examinations. University Correspondence College, founded 1887, conducts tuition by post for General Certificate of Education (London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others). London University External Degrees (BA, BSc, BSc(Econ), LLB), & certain Diplomas. Low fees. Prospectus free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

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SPANISH Native with university degree offers private lessons. Box 8633.

SPANISH conversation. Special week-end crses: idioms, pronunciation, with tape recorders. Academia Britanica, 35 Endell St, London, WC2. TEM. 2202.

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TUITION by Post for GCE, Lond. Univ. Degrees, Diplomas. Law, Profess exams. Mod. fees. Prosp. (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford. (Est. 1894).

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AUTHOR reqs cottage accom. rural pref. 25s. p.w. MAI. 3529 or Box 8790.

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DECEMBER 'Labour Monthly'. The Press Jungle, R. W. Brigginshaw; NATO Prevents Peace, George Scott; Economic Storm Clouds, R. Palme Dutt. 1s. 6d. or 9s. half-yearly. Dept N.S., 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3.

COLLET'S Christmas Choice: Children's books from Russia; Seven Seas paperbacks; gift books from USSR, Eastern Europe, and China. See them at Collet's Bookshops, 64 Charing Cross Rd, WC2; 45 Museum St, WC1; 193 Haverstock Hill, NW3; 62 Carr Lane, Hull, or send for lists.

MORE and more people are reading 'Music & Life', the communist music magazine. Send stamp for free specimen to 97A Pembroke St, N1.

HIP Belt or Harness? Test reports on brands of car, safety belts appear in this month's 'Shopper's Guide'. Obtainable from the Consumer Council, Orchard House, Orchard St, W1. Subs 10s. a year.

'HANDBOOK of Sex Knowledge' by Dr Jonathan Rodney, an invaluable guide for every grown-up man and woman. 12s. 6d. plus 1s. postage. Elek Books, 14 Gt James St, London, WC1.

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26, 28 & 30 Nov.	Cavalleria Rusticana and Pagliacci
29 Nov.	Macbeth
1 & 3 Dec.	La Sonnambula
2 Dec.	Wozzeck

THE ROYAL BALLET
Season opens 14 Dec.
Rep. incl.: Cinderella, The Invitation.
Programme available. Booking open.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE
(TER. 1672) Evgs 7.30

26 & 29 Nov. & 2 Dec.	Fidelio
30 Nov.	The Nightingale and Oedipus Rex
1 Dec.	Cinderella (La Cenerentola)

THEATRES

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. 7.30. Thurs. 2.30. S. 5.0 & 8.15. Trials by Logue – Mary Ure, George Rose.

TH. ROYAL, E15. MAR. 5973. 8.0. Sat. 5.0, 8.0. 'Progress to the Park'.

TOWER. 7.30. 24, 25, 26 Nov.: 'Good-Natured Man'. 2, 3, (mems. 4), 8, 9, 10 Dec.: 'The Weavers' – CAN. 3475 (before 6), CAN. 5111 (6-8.30), Canonbury, N1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Last 3 perfs 'Androcles and the Lion'. 9 Dec. 'The Misadventures of Pickwick'. Fri., Sat., Sun. 7.45. Mems.

VANBRUGH Theatre, Malet St, WC1. 'Time and the Conways' by J. B. Priestley. 2.30 & 7.30, 1, 2 Dec. Adm free.

CONCERTS

THE Apollo Society presents Margaretta Scott, Christopher Hassall, John Vallier. 'The Browning Romance' from letters and poems of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning with music by Schumann and Chopin. Royal Festival Hall Recital Room, this Sunday at 7.15 p.m. 10s., 6s., 3s., at Hall (WAT. 3191) & Agents.

CONTEMPORARY Organ Music by Iain Hamilton, Malcolm Williamson, Peter Maxwell Davies and Messiaen, also Messiaen Cinq Rechants. Allan Wicks (organ) with The Ambrosian Singers, conductor John Carewe. Wed. 30 Nov. at 5.55 p.m., Royal Festival Hall (WAT. 3191). Tickets 4s. incl. programme.

MARY Ward Settlement, 5 Tavistock Place, WC1. Saturday, 3 December, 7.30. Works by Blow, Peerson, Purcell; Cantatas by Bach & Chr. Bernhard; Nonet by Martinu. Clare Walmesley (soprano), Laura Sarti (contralto), Norman Platt (baritone), string & wind instrum., choir, orchestra, Cond. W. Bergmann. Tickets 4s. from Registrar or at door.

LONDON Harpsichord Ensemble. Concert of 18th Century Music by Telemann, Vivaldi-Bach, Rameau, Bach. Royal Festival Hall, Recital Room. Tues. 6 Dec., 7.45. WAT. 3191.

ENTERTAINMENTS

LONDON Film Festival is over but the National Film Theatre goes on. Membership, with six illustrated programmes annually (post free) and use of club room for 7s. 6d. Coming programmes: Poland: The New Generation; The Pioneer of the Nouvelle Vague; Comedy at Christmas; Homage to Mack Sennett; Roger Vadim. Application forms from: British Film Institute, 81 Dean Street, London, W1.

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

ACADEMY (GER. 2981) Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (Ex. Suns). Comédie Française in Le Mariage de Figaro (A).

EVERYMAN, HAM. 1525. Until 27 Nov.: Kurosawa's 'Throne of Blood' (A). From 28 Nov.: Guinness in 'Kind Hearts and Coronets' (A).

TED Hughes and Peter Redgrove read their own Poetry, 6.30 p.m. Wednesday 7 December, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Tickets 7s. 6d. available from Arts Council of Great Britain at above address.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to Cosmo Combo and his group, Saturday 26 November 8-11 p.m. Members 3s. Non-members 5s. Non-members will not be admitted unless accompanied by a member.

'KRAMPUS Dance', Kensington Town Hall Friday, 2 Dec. at 8. Viennese Buffet – Dancing until midnight. Tickets 7s. 6d. (students 5s.) from Anglo-Austrian Society, 139 Kensington High St. Tel. WES. 9003. All tickets at door 7s. 6d.

EXHIBITIONS

NEW LONDON GALLERY
17/18 Old Bond Street, W1.
(Associated Marlborough Fine Art Ltd)
Opening Exhibition:
GEORGES MATHIEU,. Paintings & Water-colours.
Admission free. 10-5, Sats 10-12.
28 Oct.-26 Nov.

LYONEL Feininger (1871-1956). Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Sq., SW1. 16 Nov.-17 Dec. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Admn. 1s. 6d.

WILSON Steer (1860-1942), Tate Gallery. Arts Council exhibition. 11 Nov.-11 Dec. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thurs. 10-8; Sun. 2-6. Admn 2s. 6d.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Works by Picasso, Braque, Picabia, Bott, Carzou, Stanley Spencer, Piper, Nolan, Boyd, Bratby & others. Wkdys 10-6, Sats 10-1.

COLLECTORS Gallery, 89 Portobello Rd, W11 (upstairs). Original works by top men 1790-1960 at reproduction prices £1-£10. Daily (except Thurs.) 11-5; all day Saturday 10-6.

FINSBURY Art Group Exhibition of Paintings by Members. Finsbury Central Library, Skinner St, EC1 (near Town Hall, Rosebery Ave.). Mon. 21 Nov. to Sat. 3 Dec. Open 10-8 Mon. to Fri., 10-5 Sats. Admission free.

REX Whistler 1905-1944. Memorial exhibition. Arts Council exhibition. Victoria & Albert Museum. Till 18 Dec. Weekdays 10-6; Suns. 2.30-6. Adm. free.

KAPLAN Gallery, 6 Duke Street, St James's, SW1: Leonor Fini – Paintings. Until 3 Dec. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. Mayfair 4419. 14 Nov. to 3 Dec. Giardelli, Robin Davis, Don Tibbenham. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1.

HIGH Hill Gallery, 4 Hampstead High Street, NW3 (HAM. 8172). Paintings by Olive Cook and Edwin Smith. Weekdays 9.30-5.30 (Thurs. 9.30-1).

NEW London Gallery, 17-18 Old Bond St, W1. E. W. Nay – paintings and watercolours. First one-man exhibition in London. From 29 Nov. 10-5, Sats 10-12.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Karl Weschke – Paintings & Drawings. Dly 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1. Until 10 Dec. 142 New Bond St, London, W1.

NEW Art Centre, 41 Sloane St, SW1. Barbara Robinson – Paintings. 16 Nov.-10 Dec. Daily 10-6, Sats. 10-1.

THE Waddington Galleries. Recent paintings: Patrick Heron. 10-6, Sats. 10-1. 2 Cork St, W1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Portraits of Fellows of the Royal Society, 1660-1680, Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Adm. Free.

NUDES of Jean Straker - Photography. 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

MARLBOROUGH, 39 Old Bond Street, W1. Oskar Kokoschka in England and Scotland. Paintings and watercolours. First Kokoschka Exhibition in London since 1927. In aid of Children & Youth Aliyah and Save the Children Fund 9 Nov.-15 Dec. Daily 11-5, Sats. 10.30-12.30.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Henry Moore: an exhibition of sculpture 1950-1960. Opens tomorrow. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. Christmas Present Exhibition. Charming small pictures by English & French artists. Wkdays 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

BUTE Gallery, 3 Bute Street, SW7. Prints by Piranesi, Canaletto and living artists. Paintings and drawings. African and Asian sculptures. Opening 25 Nov.

GROSVENOR Gallery, 15 Davies St, W1. Chagall: original signed lithographs and hand-coloured etchings, 1950-1960. 10-6, Sats 9.30-1.

MOLTON Gallery. Paintings by Erich Kahn and Margarete Brauer. 23 November – 10 December. 44 South Molton St, W1. Daily 10-6, Saturday 10-1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. The Mysterious Sign. Until 3 December. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s. Mems. free.

LEICESTER Galleries Exhibitions: Raymond Coxon – Paintings, R. V. Pitchforth, RA – water-colours, 19th & 20th Century Etchings and lithos. Leicester Sq. 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

MURAL Art Today at the Victoria and Albert Museum. 10-6 daily, 2-6 Sundays. Admission 1s. 6d.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. Frederick Feigl & Michael Foreman. Till 30 Nov. Opening 3 Dec. Christmas Exhibition (2-20 gns). 10-5.30, Thurs. 10-1, Sat. 10-7.

DRIAN Galleries, 5-7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. New Premises now open: Paintings and Drawings 1910-1960 by Lacasse, to 7 January, 10-6.

MODERN original paintings, 5 to 30 gns on view at Charrosin Gallery, 35 Thayer St, W1. HUN 0391. Mon.-Fri. 10-5

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

LONDON NLR CLUB

CHAOS IN LONDON TRANSPORT!
The London Busmen's Campaign for a Public Enquiry into LTE and the London New Left Review Club.
'THE BUSMEN'S CASE'
Speakers: Busmen's Representatives, Hugh Jenkins, LCC, and others.
Monday, 28 Nov. at 7.30 p.m. in Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1.

ALAN PATON
(President of the South African Liberal Party, author of 'Cry – The Beloved Country')
will speak at Church House, Westminster, at 7.30 p.m. on MONDAY 28 NOVEMBER on the occasion of the Annual Meeting of Christian Action.
Tickets price 2s. 6d. Reserved, 1s. Unreserved from The Secretary, 2 Amen Court, Lond., EC4 (CITy 6869).

CHEKHOV CENTENARY LECTURE
Collet's Holdings Ltd in association with the Society for Cultural Relations with the USSR presents a Lecture in Russian
'CHEKHOV AND HIS PLAYS'
by Prof. V. V. YERMILOV
at SCR House, 14 Kensington Square, W8 on SUNDAY, 27 November 1960, at 3.30 p.m.
QUESTIONS ADMISSION 2s. 6d.

SCHOPENHAUER Society, Caxton Hall, 7.45 p.m. Thurs. 1 Dec. 'The Doctrine of Science'. Admission free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. The second of two discussions on 'The Arts in the Future': 1 December at 8.15, Iain Hamilton, Anthony Hill, Edward Lucie-Smith. Chairman on both evenings Anthony Crosland MP. Admission Members 2s. Non-members 3s. 6d. Robert Graves will read from his poems, including new ones, on 29 November at 6.30 p.m. in the Recital Room, Royal Festival Hall. Presented by the Institute of Contemporary Arts. Tickets at reduced prices for members only, on sale at the ICA Gallery, 17 Dover St, W1. On sale to the public at the Festival Hall from 21 November.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Lecture by Jim Griffiths, Wed. 30 Nov. 7.30 p.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Vis. 2s. 6d. Details of Society from Membership Sec., 52 Charleville Rd, W14.

AN INAUGURAL meeting of a group to study Cuban affairs will be held in the Partisan Basement, Carlisle St, W1, Wed. 30 Nov. at 6.30 p.m. Speaker: J. Halcro Ferguson. Admission free.

NLR Left Scientists Group: J. D. Bernal on 'Science in the Preparation for Nuclear War' Swan P.H., Cosmo Pl. (off S'hampton Row) 8 p.m. Wed. 30 Nov.

CAMPAIGN for Nuclear Disarmament – talk by Bill Kaye of the CND. YPZ, E. London Br., Adler House, Adler St, E1. Tues. 29 Nov. 8.30. Non-mems. 2s.

SATURDAY evg. 26 Nov. 7.45 p.m. The Central Hall, Westminster. Rally for British-Soviet Friendship. Dean of Canterbury (Chair), The Soviet Ambassador, Lord Chorley, John Baird MP, T. Yates MP, The Hon. Lady Burrell, John Gollan, with British and Soviet Artistes: Nadezhda Kazantseva, Constance Shacklock and James Reavey (Accordion). Tckts at door from 7 p.m., 2s. 6d. & 1s.

MR Geoffrey Stern speaks on his visit to Russia and Poland on Monday 28 November at 8 p.m. at College Park Secondary School, Monmouth Road, W2. Arranged by Paddington UNA.

WELLSIANS of the world unite. Inaugural meeting of the H. G. Wells Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, London, WC1, on Friday, 25 November, at 6 p.m. Enquirers welcome.

'VIOLENCE and Punishment', Frank Dawtry (Howard League) 7.45 Mon. 5 Dec. Peace Pledge Union, 16 Westbourne Park Road, London, W2.

PUSHKIN Club, at 46 Ladbroke Grove, W11. PARk 7696. Mon. 28 Nov., 8 p.m. George Gibian (Smith College USA): 'Changes Soviet Lit'. Sat., Sun. 3 & 4 Dec., 3-8 p.m. Russian Bazaar – Russian books, toys, antiques, Russian buffet, Troika Ensemble. Sun. 5 p.m. Lucette Aldous (ballerina, Ballet Rambert) will draw raffle prizes.

'MAXIM Gorky and the Jews'. A lecture by Schlomo Auerbach, literary critic and well-known lecturer on literature. New Jewish Society, Wed. 30 Nov., 83 Chiltern St, W1 at 8 p.m.

'AFRICAN Independence,' 2nd lecture-meeting of the Committee for African Development. Independence and Unity (ACADIUN), at 7.30 p.m., 28 Nov., Friends House, Euston Road, WC1. Public Invited.

ZOYA Zarubina talks about Soviet sport at Caxton Hall, Victoria St, SW1, 1 Dec. 7.30 p.m. Adm. 2s. 6d. An SCR event.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun. 27 Nov., 6.30 Music & Readings, 7 p.m. 'A Good Conscience': H. J. Blackham.

IWC Public Lecture. Free. George C. I. Fox, LRIBA: 'Architecture Today and Tomorrow', 8.30. Fri. 2 Dec. 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. PAD. 0688.

'THEOSOPHY and the God-Idea'. Public lecture, 27 Nov., 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e. ULT. 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688.

ADLERIAN Society. 'Faulty Acts'. Paul Rom L.-es-L., DES. Tues. 29 Nov. 7.30 p.m. punctually. Alliance Hall, Palmer St, SW1. Non-members welcome, 2s. 6d. Students 1s.

LECTURES, etc.—contd on p.859

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